

MAY, 1900

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Ernest Untermann, John Spargo, Robert Rives La Monte,
Max S. Hayes, William E. Bohn, Mary E. Marcy.

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Publishers' Department

Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, including postage, to any address in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. On account of the increased weight of the Review, we shall be obliged in future to make the subscription price to Canada \$1.20 and to all other countries \$1.36.

All correspondence regarding advertising should be addressed to The Howe-Simpson Company, Advertising Manager of the International Socialist Review, 140 Dearborn street, Chicago. Advertising rate, \$25.00 per page; half and quarter pages pro rata; less than quarter pages, 15 cents per agate line. This rate is based on a guaranteed circulation exceeding 25,000 copies.

All other business communications should be addressed to

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-Operative)
153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.



THE INTERNATIONAL Socialist Review

Vol. IX.

MAY, 1909

No. 11

Roosevelt Joins the Ananias Club

BY ROBERT RIVES LAMONTE.



THE American Louis Bonaparte (comic edition) has gone to Africa. In spite of his wildly inflated valuation of his own ego, our late despot had certain benevolent impulses, and there were, no doubt, times when he sincerely desired to be the Saviour of Society after the fashion of Browning's Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. But in spite of these occasional kindly emo-

tions, he was and is in essence a bully, a blusterer, a braggart—and a QUITTER. I challenge Mr. Roosevelt or any of his admirers to name a single contest in which he was ever engaged—with the single exception of his attempt, when he was Police Commissioner of New York City, to close the saloons on Sunday—when he did not prove himself a quitter; and in the case of the single exception noted, the Legislature intervened and changed the law before Roosevelt reached the quitting point.

It was Bismarck, I believe, who called the late Marquis of Salisbury “a man of lath painted to look like iron;” I have formerly applied this description to Theodore, but so much of the paint has now been rubbed off that there is little resemblance to good metal left.

But the shrewd managers of the *Outlook* evidently believe that Roosevelt has paint enough left on him to make him of some value as an advertisement. They may be right, and if they are we do not intend to let them have a monopoly of the advertising. We do not object to their using what there is left of his reputation to advertise the *Outlook*, but we propose to utilize to the full the fast-weakening rays of his setting sun to advertise Socialism.

There you have our sole reason for paying the slightest attention to his ignorant and vulgar attacks on Socialism in the issues of the *Outlook* for March 20 and March 27.

In these articles he has made good his right to membership in that club of which he is the illustrious founder and sole member of the Credentials Committee—the Ananias Club.

These articles—the former one especially—literally bristle with mis-statements and false statements. I do not pretend to be able to say whether this is due to ignorance or to malice. Many of the false statements contain some elements of truth, but it has long been recognized that there is no lie so vicious and dangerous as the half-truth. For convenience in classification and treatment I shall call all of these divers deviations from veracity by that “shorter and uglier word” which is such a favorite with Mr. Roosevelt himself.

I have gone through his first article counting these lies, and my result is forty-one; but I do not vouch for its strict accuracy, for many that I have counted are mere repetitions of lies that have occurred and been counted already, and on the other hand I have often counted as one lie a statement that is in reality compounded of half a-dozen lies. I did not think it worth while to count the lies in the second installment (they are less numerous), for I thought that in the earlier article he had abundantly demonstrated his right to mem-

bership in the Ananias Club, and I felt sure that space would not allow me to treat even the paltry forty-one lies I had already listed.

LIE 1.

"Not so much as the first step towards real civilization can be taken until there arises some development of the right of private property."

If Mr. Roosevelt will read Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society," Herman Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee," and Judge Maning's "Old New Zealand," he will find full descriptions of many first steps towards civilization which occurred in societies in which the institution of private property had not yet arisen.

LIE 2.

"That is, until men pass out of the stage of savage socialism in which the violent and the thriftless forcibly constitute themselves co-heirs with the industrious and the intelligent in what the labor of the latter produces."

If Mr. Roosevelt will read Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," he will find that the predatory practices which he predicates of peaceful primitive communism were unknown to men at that stage of social development, and were introduced later as a direct consequence of the recognition of the "right of private property."

LIE 3.

"One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type, however, is that those of them who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought."

Will Mr. Roosevelt kindly name for us a book more closely, clearly and cogently reasoned than Karl Marx's "CAPITAL"? Or, if he prefers a more modern example, than Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice"?

LIE 4.

"For if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent in the eyes of any upright and sensible man."

How does Mr. Roosevelt account for the fact that it is precisely those who understand Socialism best who are most profoundly convinced, in the words of William Morris, that

"the CAUSE alone is worthy till the good days bring the best"? Perhaps he will say that William Morris was not an "upright and sensible man." That would be only one lie the more.

LIE 5.

"The doctrinaire Socialists, the extremists, the men who repre-

sent the doctrine in its most advanced form, are, and must necessarily be, not only convinced opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality;"

Let Marx and Engels reply to the first lie in this marvelous amalgamation of mendacities:

"You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is, the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

"In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend." (Communist Manifesto.)

We intend to make the world and all that therein is the property of all the people in the world.

That we are "bitterly hostile to religion and morality" is not a lie, but two lies. We know that all religions have been produced by economic causes, and that it is worse than foolish to attack any religion so long as the economic causes for its survival exist. Economic evolution has made much of what is called morality most profoundly immoral, and Socialism, as the greatest moral force in the world today, is the bitter foe of all immorality even though it wear the mask of morality.

LIE 6.

"In short, they must be opposed to all those principles through which, and through which alone, even an imperfect civilization can be built up by slow advance through the ages."

The one hope of a more perfect civilization is Socialism; it is Capitalism that by maintaining class divisions prevents the fruition of a true civilization. Mr. Roosevelt would probably agree that flourishing Literature, Science and Art are the distinguishing marks of a true civilization.

M. Alfred Odin, Professor in the University of Sofia, on page 564 of his great work, "*Genèse des Grands Hommes, gens des lettres français modernes*" (Paris, 1895) gives this testimony that a society divided into classes cannot bring forth a truly great literature:

"Literature then is not . . . in its origin, and hence in its essence, that vague, ethereal, spontaneous thing whose phantom so many historians and literary critics have been pleased to evoke. It is in the full force of the term an artificial creation, since it is derived

essentially from causes due to the intentional intervention of man, and has not resulted from the simple natural evolution of mankind. It is a natural phenomenon only as it faithfully reflects the inner mental workings of certain social strata. It possesses nothing national or popular. Literature can only be national when it springs from the very bosom of the people, when it serves to express with equal ardor the interests and passions of the whole world. French literature does not do this. With rare exceptions it is only the mouth-piece of a few privileged circles. And this explains why, in spite of so many efforts of every kind to spread it among the people, it has remained upon the whole so unattractive and so foreign to the masses. Born in the atmosphere of the hotbed it cannot bear the open air. Not until, from some cause or other, the whole population shall be brought to interest itself actively in intellectual affairs will it be possible for a truly national literature to come forth which shall become the common property of all classes of society."

Similar testimony as to Science is given by Thorstein Veblen in a paper on "The Evolution of the Scientific Point of View" read before the Kosmos Club, at the University of California, May 4, 1908:

"Whereas, if the institutional fabric, the community's scheme of life, changes in such a manner as to throw the work-day experience into the foreground of attention and to center the habitual interest of the people on the immediate material relations of men to the brute actualities, then the interval between the speculative realm of knowledge, on the one hand, and the work-day generalizations of fact, on the other hand, is likely to lessen, and the two ranges of knowledge are likely to converge more or less effectually upon a common ground. When the growth of culture falls into such lines, these two methods and norms of theoretical formulation may presently come to further and fortify one another, and something in the way of science has at least a chance to arise." (University of California Chronicle, Vol. X. pp. 407-8.)

Surely it is not necessary to quote from William Morris or Walter Crane to prove that Capitalism makes true Art impossible.

It is Capitalism, not Socialism, Mr. Roosevelt, that is "opposed to all those principles through which civilization can be built up."

LIE 7.

"Indeed, these thoroughgoing Socialists occupy, in relation to all morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words carefully—that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper."

This is obviously false since the subject in all its bearings has

been fully discussed in the *Outlook* in the days when it was a reputable paper, that is, before Mr. Roosevelt joined its staff.

LIE 8.

"In America the leaders even of this type have usually been cautious about stating frankly that they propose to substitute free love for married and family life as we have it, although many of them do in a roundabout way uphold this position."

Socialists have never concealed their views on this question either in Europe or America. Free love is the only kind of love that has ever existed; compulsory or bound love is a contradiction in terms. By "free love" I must conclude Mr. Roosevelt means free lust, and Socialists cannot introduce that into a society in which it is already in full bloom. Mr. Roosevelt will find such a society faithfully, if disgustingly, described in "Town Topics," the paper he probably laid aside to dictate this article. Socialists do advocate a higher form of marriage in which love will be the only tie, and of which love will be the only sanction. They hold that the co-habitation of loveless couples is the abysmal depth of immorality.

Even such an individualist as Herbert Spencer wrote to his friend Lott, upon the occasion of his engagement to marry, that the compulsory legal tie must inevitably mar what should be the perfect happiness of marriage. It is the belief of most Socialists that in the Society of the Future we shall approach far more closely to the ideal of universal and permanent monogamy than it will ever be possible to do under Capitalism.

LIE 9.

"M. Gabriel Deville announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked—his method of doing away with prostitution being to make unchastity universal."

The Socialist Movement is not responsible for the personal views of M. Deville; but it happens that I am the translator of such of Deville's writings as have appeared in English, and I defy Mr. Roosevelt to give a textual reference substantiating his charge.

LIE 10.

He quotes from another individual, Carl Pearson, to prove that the Socialist ideal is free lust and unchastity. This again is a personal declaration for which no Socialist organization is responsible, but, in fact, it does not give the least support to Mr. Roosevelt's charge. Here is the pertinent part of it: "With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the

future will in no wise interfere, but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere."

LIE 11.

"He" (Mr. Pearson) "then goes on to point out that in order to save the woman from 'economic dependence' upon the father of her children, the children will be raised at the expense of the State; the usual plan being to have huge buildings like foundling asylums."

That "the usual plan" is to "have huge buildings like foundling asylums," is a lie, though it does not appear on the face of the record whether the liar is Mr. Pearson or Mr. Roosevelt, but we are inclined to give Mr. Roosevelt the benefit of the doubt. (The ambiguity is intentional.)

LIE 12.

This is one of the most base and cowardly of the lot.

"Moreover, the ultra-Socialists of our own country have shown by their attitude towards one of their leaders, Mr. Herron, that, so far as law and public sentiment will permit, they are now ready to realize the ideals set forth by Messrs. Deville and Pearson."

I am unwilling to dignify this by any answer save the bare statement of the fact that Mr. Herron was legally divorced from his first wife and married to his second wife by a ceremony that is recognized as legal and binding by the laws of the State in which it occurred—New York.

I refuse to follow Mr. Roosevelt into the gutter by naming a list of eminent Republicans who have been divorced and re-married.

LIE 13.

"I would commend a book called 'Socialism; the Nation of Fatherless Children'."

Let us be charitable and hope that Mr. Roosevelt does not know that the writers of this book, David Goldstein and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, are absolutely untrustworthy, and in his own felicitous phrase, "undesirable citizens." But, is it charitable to assume that he recommended a book without investigating its credibility?

LIE 14.

"These same Socialist leaders, with a curious effrontery, at times deny that the exponents of 'scientific Socialism' assume a position as regards industry which in condensed form may be stated as, that each man is to do what work he can, or, in other words, chooses, and in return is to take out from the common fund whatever he needs; or, what amounts to the same thing, that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done."

This is, to say the least, a bit confused, but Morris Hillquit is clearheaded enough to straighten it out:

"But what then, may be asked, is the socialist plan of distribution of wealth?

"The plain answer to this inquiry is: The socialists do not offer a cut and dried plan of wealth distribution.

"As a proposition of abstract justice and fairness there is no reason why any discrimination at all should be made in the distribution of the necessities and material comforts of life between the members of the community. The increased productivity of labor and the consequent augmentation of wealth are due to the concerted efforts of men in all fields of endeavor, physical and mental, in generations past as well as present, and the precise share of each individual in the general wealth of the nation is altogether insusceptible of measurement.

"It must be granted that some individuals are stronger, wiser, more gifted and skillful than others. But what of that? Is there any moral ground for punishing the cripple, the invalid, the decrepit, the imbecile, the unfortunate step-children of nature, by reducing their rations of food or clothing? Is there any moral sanction for rewarding the man of physical strength or mental gifts by special allowances from the storehouse of human society? Do humane parents discriminate in that manner between their strong and weak, their fortunate and unfortunate children? Is the title of the stronger and 'abler' to greater material reward based on equity, or is it rather a survival of the barbaric 'fist right' of the dark ages?

"To the socialists the old communistic motto: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs,' generally appears as the ideal rule of distribution in an enlightened human society, and quite likely the time will come when that high standard will be generally adopted by civilized communities.

"The productivity of labor is increasing with such phenomenal rapidity that we may well foresee a time when society will, with comparative ease, produce enough to afford to all its members, without distinction, all necessities and even luxuries of life, and when there will be just as little justification for a quarrel over the method of distribution of material wealth as there is today for a quarrel over the use of air or water. To the wise sceptics the statement may seem extravagant, but when we compare the wealth and productivity of modern countries today with those of half a century ago, we shall easily realize that we are by no means dealing with pure utopian dreams.

"But just and feasible as this ideal method of distribution may be, it is today nevertheless a mere ideal, a hope to be realized in the more or less distant future. It is not a part of the present program of the socialist movement.

"Modern socialists recognize that the methods of distribution under the new order of things must take for their starting-point the present methods, *i. e.*, payments of varying wages or salaries for services rendered.

"Here again we run counter to a deep-rooted popular conception or rather misconception of the socialist program. One of the pet schemes of the early socialist experimenters was the substitution of 'labor certificates' or 'time certificates' for money. By this means they expected to fix the value of each commodity with reference to the labor time contained in it as it were automatically, to eliminate the 'unearned increment' of the capitalist and the profit of the middleman and to give to each producer the full equivalent of his labor. The scheme was on a par with that of the 'equitable labor exchange banks,' the communistic societies and the other social experiments of the utopian socialists. They all proceeded from the belief that a small group of men could dissociate themselves from the rest of society, establish a miniature socialist commonwealth, and induce their fellowmen to follow their example by the practical demonstration of its excellence. Modern socialists have long discarded all miniature social experimentations and arbitrary social devices as utopian and puerile, and the continued dissertations of many distinguished critics of socialism about the 'socialist plan' of the suppression of money and the abolition of money payments for services, only go to demonstrate how little they are abreast with the developments of socialist thought.

"Money and wages are both the products of a certain phase of economic development. Neither was known before the rise of private property, and in all likelihood both will at some time in the distant future lose their usefulness and disappear. But these reflections again belong to the sphere of dreams of the golden future,—they have no room in a sober and realistic program of social reform.

"'Money,' says Kautsky, 'is the simplest means known up to the present time which makes it possible in as complicated a mechanism as that of the modern productive process, with its tremendous far-reaching division of labor, to secure the circulation of products and their distribution to the individual members of society. It is the means which make it possible for each one to satisfy his necessities according to his individual inclination (to be sure within the bounds

of his economic power.) As a means to such circulation, money will be found indispensable until something better is discovered." (HILL-QUIT: "Socialism in Theory and Practice." Macmillan, 1909.)

LIE 15.

"In our own country, in 'Socialism Made Plain,' a book officially circulated by the Milwaukee division of the Socialist party, the statement is explicit: 'Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours.'"

The quotation from Hillquit has made it plain that this extract is not in accord with modern socialist thought, but, waiving that, it does not give the slightest support to Roosevelt's assertion that the socialist plan is for "each to take out from the common fund whatever he needs." On the contrary, it strictly limits what he can take out to the number of "labor time-checks" he can produce.

LIE 16.

"It is unnecessary to point out that the pleasing idea of these writers could be realized only if the State undertook the duty of task-master, for otherwise it is not conceivable that anybody whose work would be worth anything would work at all under such conditions."

"It has been objected," says the Communist Manifesto, "that upon the abolition of private property all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

"According to this, bourgeois society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work, acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything, do not work."

Space compels me to skip Lie 17, and pass on to

LIES 18 AND 19.

"In other words on the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State foundling asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality as between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are pleased to call 'wage-slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared to which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less utterly hopeless."

In other words, Mr. Roosevelt tells us Socialism is the embodiment of diabolical immorality; in the *Outlook* of one week later, he tells

us "Socialism strives to remedy what is evil alike in domestic and in economic life."

LIES 22 AND 23.

are that "Socialism of this really advanced and logical type" was tried "in France in 1792, and again under the Commune in 1871."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's ignorance of history is so great that he does not know these to be lies.

LIE 27

consists of a flood of billingsgate poured out upon Eugene V. Debs and the *Appeal to Reason*. Of course a man, who has told the world that in his opinion the finest emotion a human being can experience is the thrill of triumph in the breast of the hunter gloating over a noble animal in its death agony, could not be expected to understand a man like Debs from whose heart pours out a mighty stream of love, not only for all mankind, but for bird and beast and flower as well.

The contrast between Roosevelt and Debs is beautifully expressed in the tribute to grand old Fred Long that Horace Traubel printed in the *Conservator* for December, 1908:

"Tens of thousands of soldiers in armies march across the earth: they are futile, doomed: they are emissaries of hate.

"A single man lies sick on a bed in a little room in a big city: he is resistless, invincible: he is an emissary of love."

Debs, the emissary of love, may well ignore the vile slanders of Roosevelt, the emissary of hate.

To support

LIES 31, 32 AND 33

which do violence to nearly every known principle of political economy, he tells us that A. T. Stewart and John Wanamaker have succeeded in a store that Hilton, Hughes & Company made a failure of. And from this he draws the moral that it is "Ability" and not Labor that creates wealth.

I have no doubt that Mr. James Stillman of the National City Bank and the *Outlook* Company could and would procure for Mr. Roosevelt a copy of the Report of the United States Steel Corporation for 1906. By consulting it he will find that the profits of the stockholders of that corporation (commonly known as the Steel Trust)—profits accruing from ownership alone—were nearly nine million dollars more than the total of the wages for Labor and the Salaries for "Ability," and there is no concern in America that pays "ability"

higher, and every particle of "ability" used in the management of its vast business is furnished by salaried employes.

Let us close this painful task by quoting

TRUTH NO. I.

"To choose to live by theft or by charity means in each case degradation, a rapid lowering of self-respect and self-reliance."

This is absolutely true, and every man or woman of wealth, who opposes Socialism, thereby, consciously or unconsciously, chooses "to live by theft or by charity."

New Canaan, Conn., March 31, 1909.

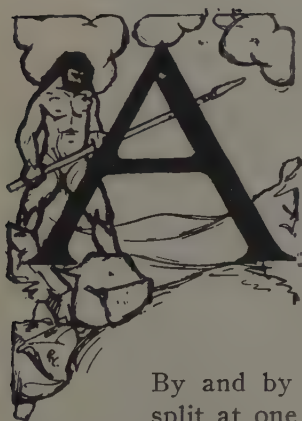


WILLIAM MORRIS

THE ORNAMENT OF BIG NOSE



STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE. NO. 2



S far back as any of the Cave People could remember, their fathers had used the bones of wild beasts as weapons. I suppose they discovered long before that the marrow inside these bones was very good to eat. Then they hammered them with great stones till the bones split open and after they had eaten the marrow somebody discovered the sharp bones made very formidable weapons. No one had ever found sticks so strong and so sharp as these bone weapons.

By and by all the Cave People possessed great bones, split at one end, like a sharp sword. Almost every day the youths and maidens threw bones or sticks to display their skill. And the one whose aim was true and who showed most power in his arm, strutted about and stuck out his chest, in order that all the other Cave People might know how great he was.

One there was whom they called Big Nose. Now in the time of the Cave People it was a marvelous thing for a child to possess a nose that protruded. Generally cave noses were much like the noses of the Tree People, with merely two large nostrils in the centre of the face, slightly extended, preceding the head in order that the owner might catch the smell of danger or of good food. But him the Cave People called Big

Nose because his nose turned down instead of upward, and it extended nearly half an inch beyond his face.

When he was only a slim, brown youth, Big Nose became able to out-throw all the other young folks. He could fling his rough bone javelin many feet further than any of the others and with greater force. At the edge of the woods, he would hurl it far among the trees and clip off, every time, the heads of the small purple flower that grew tall and slim in the forest.

Big Nose grew proud and held his head very high. And he began, after a little while, to wander farther and farther into the woods alone, for he desired greatly to meet the mountain lion or the green snake, in order that he might kill them with his weapon and become still greater in the eyes of the Cave People.

Every one thought he was brave but very foolish, for the youths and maidens rarely wandered about in the forest alone. Too often had their brothers gone out and never returned, and there was fear in their hearts.

But in spite of their warnings, Big Nose continued to hunt and one day, when he had traveled beyond the great rocks, he discovered a large tree lying prone upon the ground. The spring storms had uprooted it and flung it down to die.

Big Nose sped on till he reached the oak tree, when he heard, from its branches, a deep growl and much scratching. Big Nose drew back quickly and sheltered himself behind a great tree, waiting. Aloft he held his bone spear, ready to hurl it upon the enemy.

He waited a long time but nothing came forth from the boughs of the oak tree and gradually he grew bolder and cautiously advanced again. His ears twitched constantly and he drew his lips back from his teeth just as dogs do when they attack the enemy.

Big Nose still heard the low growling but he saw nothing. When he reached the fallen oak, he saw that its branches were flung over a deep hole in the ground. He peered into it carefully and saw a black bear, digging frantically with her paws. Evidently she had blundered through the branches of the tree and had fallen down into the hollow.

When Big Nose found there was no danger, he grew very happy and laughed softly to himself, for the black bear stood upon her hind feet and clawed the air, trying to get out.

And he dropped stones upon her head till she grew wild with rage and staggered about trying to reach him with her paws. Big Nose laughed softly and continued to tease her, till she stood again on her hind feet, exposing her throat in rage. Then he lifted his arms above his head and flung the bone javelin into her breast with all his strength.

The bear dropped to the ground pawing at the bone which protruded from her throat, dripping with blood. Furiously she tore about the pit, beating its sides with her paws. And Big Nose was terrified when he saw his bone weapon fall to the bottom of the hollow, and he ran about hunting for a long stick with which he hoped to poke it out again.



He saw a black bear, digging frantically with her paws.

When he returned to the pit, bearing sticks and boughs, he found the bear pressing her paws to her breast and growling with rage.

Very carefully he bent over the hollow and poked his weapon, but the bear discovered his movements and turned quickly upon him. With a

stroke of her great paw, she slashed savagely at his arm, and laid it open to the bone. Big Nose choked back a cry of pain.

Then he arose to his feet and staggered homeward. Softly he went and his feet touched the earth gently. Dry leaves did not crack under them and he made no sound. But his wound bled badly and he grew weak with pain.

Then he stopped at the side of a dead tree and tore off a strip of bark, which he wrapped tightly around his arm. And he sped quickly, for wild beasts came forth eagerly at the smell of blood and he had no weapon with which to defend himself.

But he arrived at the Hollow in safety. And the old men among the Cave People nodded their heads and threw out their hands, as much as to say,

"We told you so."

But the youths and maidens gathered around Big Nose with much interest, saying "What? What?" which, in the language of the Cave People, means, What is the matter?

And the brown maidens came near and gazed upon Big Nose with wonder and admiration. Even Light Foot, who had, alone, slain the man, who came down the river, from the enemies, the Arrow People, was pleased with Big Nose and brought herbs with which to wrap his wounds.

But Big Nose waved them all aside with a lofty gesture. Though the pain hurt him sorely, his face was calm, and he knew all the Cave People would think long of his bravery. And his blood was warm because Light Foot looked upon him with love and fire in her eyes.

When all the eyes of the Cave People were directed upon him, Big Nose knelt quickly on the ground and dug a small hole in the earth. With his arm that was uninjured, he pointed into it, growling in imitation of the black bear. And they knew he had discovered a bear that had stumbled into a hollow. Then Big Nose threw a stick into the hole and they understood he had hurled his bone javelin upon the bear. Snatching a second stick, he poked furiously to show how he had sought to extricate his weapon. With another deep growl, he pulled out his arm and held his wound where all could see.

It was in this way that the Cave People talked to each other. Their words were few and most of their ideas were expressed by gestures. "Quack, quack," they said when they meant wild duck. A deep growl signified the black bear, while a long line, made by drawing a finger through the dust or sand, gave everybody to understand the person spoke of a snake.

If you have seen a pantomime show, you will understand something

of the manner of the gesture language of the Cave People. Even we "civilized" folks, long accustomed to verbal language, say many things to each other, every day, by facial expression and by gesture.

And so, even the children among the Cave People understood the adventures Big Nose had encountered. When his pantomime monologue was finished, the men and women of the tribe rose eagerly. They pointed first to the hole Big Nose had dug in the ground, and then toward the forest, as much as to say,

"Is the bear still in the pit?"

And one of them asked "Big Nose kill?" Big Nose shook his head and started toward the wood, indicating that the Cave Men were to follow.

So the strong men started through the forest. They hurried forward, keeping close together with their bone javelins in their hands. For it was growing dusk. But all were hungry and Cave People, who have eaten little for twenty-four hours, are willing to risk some danger for a meal of fresh meat.

They reached the pit safely. The bear still growled savagely in pain



Bone Weapon.

and it was after much jabbing with their bone weapons that they dispatched her.

Speedily they dragged her from the hole and began at once to skin and disembowel her. They worked into the dark hacking up and distributing portions in order that each man might carry back to the Hollow, his share of the burden.

Very sharply the Cave Men drew in their breath for the fresh blood of the bear smelled good to them. But the terror of the night was strong upon them, and they listened intently, sniffing the air, twitching their ears and trembling with fear. For it is in the night that the wild beasts creep forth for food and the smell of fresh blood reaches a long way off.

So the Cave Men huddled together very close, each carrying a portion of the dripping carcass of the bear. Big Nose too, bore a huge chunk of the meat, which he chewed from time to time. His wounded arm ached sorely, but because of the pride in his heart, he spoke not. But the way to the Hollow seemed very far and his knees almost sank beneath him.

Each man bore his bone weapon pointing away from his fellows, in

order that the hyena, if it sprang at them, might receive the sharp bone point.

Strong Arm was he who thought most of the fire and the safety it brought. But he was unable to express his thoughts. For the sign of the fire among the Cave People was spoken in a gesture, and gesture language is not understood in the darkness.

One terrifying incident marked the journey home. Soft foot-falls crumbled the leaves and two green eyes spotted the black, but the Cave Men huddled closer together, and shrieked so loudly that the animal, whatever it was, dashed away in fear.

When they came to the Hollow, the Cave Men called loudly to the others, and distributed big chunks of bear meat, which they all ate eagerly, with great satisfaction. Then the people crept into their caves, rolled great stones before the entrances, and slept.

Many suns came and went away again and Big Nose was so proud of



Run Fast crept into the wood.

his wound that he moved his arm with great care. The blood that covered it grew hard and black but he sought to preserve it there always, in order to recall to the minds of the Cave People thoughts of his courage. To him it was a precious ornament, so beautiful that it caused the young men to regard him with jealousy and the young women with admiration.

And Light Foot, who was very beautiful in the eyes of all the Cave People, refused to look any longer upon the other youths of the tribe. And when Big Nose asked her to share his cave, she was proud and happy and went to live with him and became his wife.

One there was among the youths of the Cave People, whom they had never called "Man," which was to say, "you are wise and brave; therefore you are a man." Him they called Run Fast, because, in spite of the hair grown heavy upon his face, it was always his custom to run away when trouble came.

All the Cave People were often afraid, for death sometimes lurked

in the shadows, and their ignorance was so great that they were unable to explain very common occurrences. But Run Fast was more fearful than the old women and the little children.

Run Fast hated Big Nose because Big Nose had done all the things he was afraid to do.

But one day he crept into the wood. He thought he knew of a way that would cause all the Cave People to look upon him with admiration. He did not see Laughing Boy slip through the brush behind him.

Run Fast did not travel far. He never went far from the Hollow when he was alone. And he did not see little Laughing Boy who watched him curiously from the bushes.

Then Run Fast did a very strange thing. Seizing his split bone knife, he scraped his arm till the blood ran and dropped on the ground. Then he bound it tightly, with a piece of bark, just as Big Nose had done.

He returned to the Hollow, screaming wildly, until the Cave People gathered to learn the cause of his distress. And he repeated, in the language of gesture, the same story Big Nose had told a few suns before.

The strong men and the women surveyed him sharply for it did not seem possible to them that Run Fast had killed anything. But little Laughing Boy, who saw that Run Fast was receiving much attention because of the blood upon his arm, pushed his way among the people.

With a stone in his hand, he rubbed fiercely up and down upon his forearm, till the blood flowed, pointing to Run Fast and shaking his head.

His meaning was plain. The Cave People understood him. It was, "See me. I can scratch myself harder than Run Fast did."

Then all the Cave People knew what Run Fast had done and they cried "Baby! Baby!" to Run Fast and he was disgraced before them all.

After that, when the young men of the tribe came home with blood upon their bodies, the strong men shook their heads and refused to believe tales of their adventures, unless they brought back something to prove their words. So it came to be a custom among the Cave People that the men or women who had killed a savage beast carried home with him the tail, or the hide or teeth of that animal. These they wore always as tokens of their bravery. Thus the Cave People first adorned their bodies



RURALES—THE COSSACKS OF MEXICO.

How I Was Kidnaped

STORY OF MY ESCAPE FROM THE RURALES AND HERMOSILLO PENITENTIARY

BY MANUEL SARABIA

The kidnaping of Manuel Sarabia from the jail at Douglas, Arizona, by the orders of the Mexican Consul, Antonio Maza, caused a furor of popular indignation in Southern Arizona. Public meetings were held, telegrams were sent to Washington, and finally the Mexican government was forced to release its prey. More than all else, has this kidnaping opened the eyes of Americans to the astonishing power of President Porfirio Diaz on this side of the line. Apparently, he can open and close the doors of United States jails at will, give orders to United States officials, and finally protect his secret service system now operating in this country from being punished for its misdeeds. [Manuel Sarabia is to be tried May 5th at Tombstone, Arizona.]



N Mexico, the rurales ride like the Cossacks of Russia, threatening, capturing and killing all who oppose the will of their master, the Dictator.

Mexico is accustomed to a military rule that strikes in the dark and gives no reason. To be taken from one's home suddenly and without warrant, imprisoned without having committed a crime, held "incommunicado" because your political opinions differ from those of the ruling power, all this Mexican citizens expect as part of their daily life.

But in the United States, everything is different, and so, when the long arm of President Porfirio Diaz stretches across the border line into this country and kidnaps those whom he fears and hates, it is time for American citizens to be on guard. For this reason, I write the account of my kidnaping.

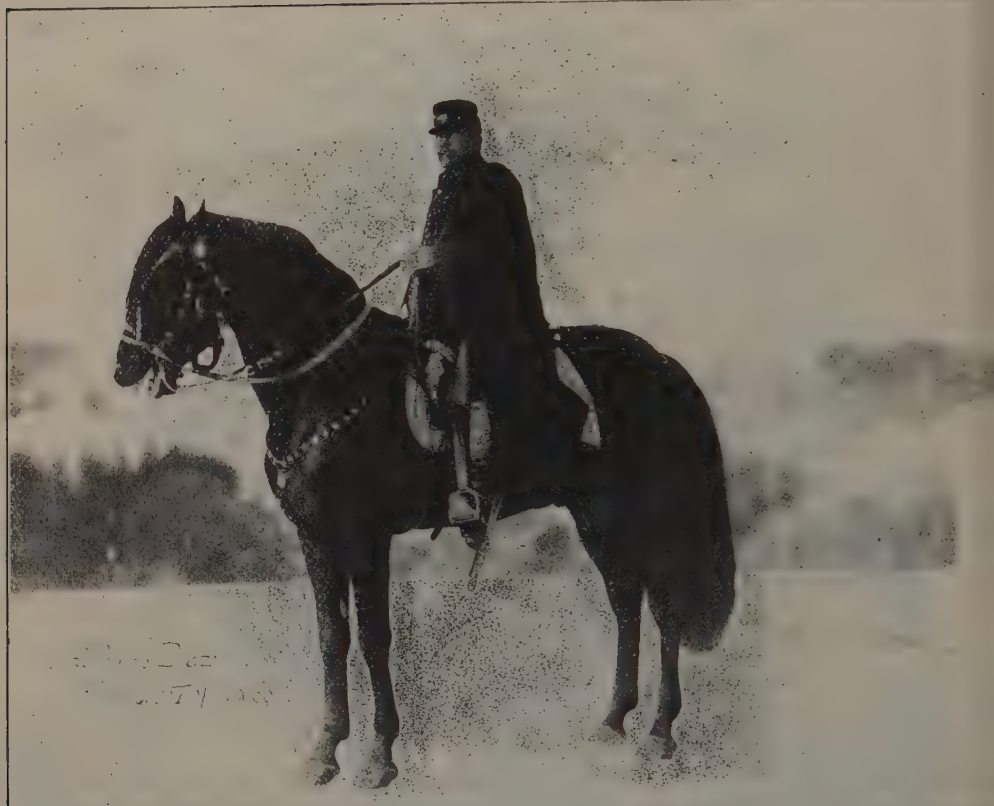
It began with the red-faced man, who had been watching me from the opposite side of the street, crossing and intercepting my efforts to catch the train leaving Douglas, Arizona, for El Paso. I had a letter to drop into the mailcar and the locomotive was just then making a noise which meant "hurry up," so I motioned to the man that he should wait and I would return. But my strange interceptor would have none of it, and striding in front of me, attempted to catch me by the shoulder.

I stopped, suddenly, facing him, amazed at the affront. Then he questioned me in a menacing voice:

"Can you speak English?"

I replied curtly, "Certainly—but what business have you with me?"

"You're under arrest—that's all," was his harsh answer.



THE MASTER OF THE RURALES—PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ.

This made me indignant, for I was not then in Mexico, where people are caught up suddenly by the police and hurried away to jail because of their political opinions—this was the United States, and I demanded his warrant.

"Warrant! I need no warrant for you—look at this, hold up your hands!" And drawing a big, blue-barreled revolver from his hip pocket, he placed the muzzle against my breast.

All this violence on the part of a man who wore neither star nor uniform made me angry and suspicious. I refused to either hold up my hands or go with him until, finally, he caught me roughly by the shoulder and forced me along the sidewalk. I went, protesting, but what could one hundred and fifteen pounds do against two hundred? But my small frame against his great bulk still made him uneasy, and thinking that his revolver and himself needed help, my captor called to a workman in a



A LIEUTENANT OF KOSTERLITSKY'S
WITH GUARD OF RURALES.

neighboring lumber yard to come to his assistance "in the name of the law," and between them, I was soon standing before the prison door.

You can imagine how helpless I felt and how my indignation increased when the jailor, a big, black-browed fellow, said laughingly, as he turned the key of my cell door, "two millions of money couldn't get you out."

And to further add to my trouble, he refused to allow me to communicate with friends, lawyer, or even tell what charges had caused my arrest. "You're to be held incommunicado, that's all," he said with a parting grin.

These two men I shall never forget. At that time, they were nameless and unknown to me but now I know them well—greetings to you, Sam Hayhurst, ranger, and Lee Thompson, jailor of the Douglas Bastile.

You, my reader, have never been man-handled. And therefore you cannot imagine how the quick blood rushes through one's veins when the officer's hands search your pockets, piling upon the jailor's desk private papers, letters, or possibly a photograph that should be kept from all but friendly eyes. All that day, I was in a fever of anger at the injustice of my arrest, and at night, I lay down upon the jail floor to rest. I could not sleep. In front of my jail door was an armed guard who peered in continuously as he paced back and forth in the white glare of the electric light.

It must have been about an hour before midnight that I heard the big key grate in the cell door. Raising my head from the floor I saw Shorpsire, the constable of Douglas, and a stranger (whom I afterwards learned was a Pinkerton detective) standing before the grating. The constable ordered me to get up and put on my coat—I had been using it for a pillow—adding "You're going with us."

I asked him where, but he refused to answer, and between the two men, I was marched through the jail and out into the night, the cool, sweet air being like a breath from heaven as compared with the foulness of my cell.

Standing close to the curb was an object that aroused my darkest suspicions. As the two yellow lights of the big-hooded automobile shot in parallel lines down the dark street, they seemed to go through and through me, and I shivered.

It was plain, I was to be kidnaped and hurried into Mexico by the means of this rubber-tired devil that stood puffing at the curb.

For fear that you may not yet understand why a man who is not a criminal should be handled as I was being handled, let me tell you that I am a member of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, a political party that has dared to demand constitutional liberty, the right of free speech, a free press, and a free ballot in the Republic of Mexico. To-day all this is denied the citizens of my country—denied by the carbines of the Master of the Rurales—*Porfirio Diaz*.

My political faith had forced me to flee for my life from Mexico and now it looked as if I was to be hurried back into that unhappy country where waiting hands were ready to clutch me the moment I should set one foot across the border line.

Although I was handcuffed, and between two professional man-handlers, I determined to struggle to the utmost before I would willingly enter that waiting automobile. Ducking suddenly from under their arms, I dashed down the street. Like two dogs after a cat, they pursued me, and before a dozen yards were passed, I felt one's hand upon my shoulder and with a jerk, I was lying upon the ground. I arose, panting and hatless, the two holding me firmly between them as I walked slowly back to the automobile. As my breath came back so did my determination to resist to the end this plain purpose of the kidnapers, and I began again to struggle, shouting out so that passersby might hear me, "Help, friends, I am being kidnaped—I have committed no crime. My name is Sarabia, Manuel Sarabia, help!"

With a few quick motions, the Pinkerton at my side pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, rolled it into a ball and, with a brutal thrust, pushed it into my mouth. I was gagged. My cries stopped. Between the two powerful men, I was lifted and pushed, struggling at every inch, into the open side of the big automobile.

"Pull down the curtains," cried the Pinkerton to the constable, and then the chauffeur, "turn her loose—you know where—quick."

The wheels began to grip the gravel and in a moment we were flying down the street out of the town.

The Pinkerton whipped a second handkerchief out of his pocket and bandaged it across my eyes. Gagged and blindfolded, I lay back upon the cushions exhausted. To struggle more was useless.

It was a short, quick ride—not more than five minutes in time—when the brakes of the machine brought us to a stop. I was lifted from my seat and helped out upon the ground. A familiar jingle struck my ear. Yes, there they were—bridles and spurs—the rurales!

They pulled the handkerchief from my eyes, and my fate was before me. Armed with carbines whose barrels glinted in the moonlight, ten big-hatted rurales sat upon their ponies, in a half circle, facing me. Two of them were busy with a riderless mule. I quickly guessed what was to be his burden—my poor, unwilling body.

Quick orders passed to the men from their officer, and I was lifted to the mule's saddle. With a piece of rawhide they bound my feet together under the mule's belly, jerked it tight until the thongs cut into my flesh, and then mounting their horses waited the command to commence the night's ride.

THE MAN IN THE CARRIAGE.

I had been delivered to the rurales at a small border town of a hundred adobe houses called Agua Prieta, governed by one Laguna, the jefe de policia. Standing a short distance down the street, close to the custom house, I noticed a carriage. As soon as the officer saw me securely tied on the mule, he loped his horse to the side of this vehicle and, after saluting those in the interior, received instructions which set our cavalcade in motion, the carriage leading the way.

My mule was a stubborn beast and could only be jerked into a racking trot with the aid of a stout riatá which the rurale in front had bound to the pommel of the saddle. Tied as I was, not able to sit easily to the gait of the galling brute, I was soon worn to the point of agony. My pleadings with the rurales to either go at a lope or slow down to a walk, brought no response but curses, and I closed my mouth and gritted my teeth to deaden the pain.

All night, the carriage kept just a little in advance of our moving



RURALES IN THE DOORWAY TO THEIR BARRACKS.



GENERAL KOSTERLITSKY
(The Chief of the Rurales.)

troop and in spite of my suffering I was intensely curious to know the personality of those within. Evidently some high Mexican official had charge of my capture.

In the gray of the morning, just as we were approaching the little town of Naco, the carriage drew up to one side, allowing our troop to pass. The officer saluted as he came abreast of the vehicle and someone's head leaned from the window to observe us. I recognized him in an instant. It was Laguna, the jefe de policia of Agua Prieta. Back of him was another figure that kept half hidden. I turned painfully in the saddle and stared towards the carriage as we passed but the man behind Laguna still kept carefully out of sight. Who was it? Could it be?—I turned to the rurale at my side and spoke to him suddenly: "The General Kosterlitsky, did you know he was inside?"

The man grinned and answered glibly, "Surely, it was the General; you are much honored by his company."

A little before six in the morning, the troop drew up in front of the Naco jail and I was lifted from my mule by two rurales. The night ride had left me so sore and weak that I could not stand, and I was bundled in onto the jail floor where I lay propped up against the wall. A little later some food was sent in to me and I ate it, as best I could, with my hands still coupled together with the steel manacles.

The friend who sent me this food has my sincerest thanks. I may never know his name, but it was a friend, that I am sure, for it is not the custom to supply prisoners with the quality of food I got that morning.

In the jail was a Yaqui Indian, and we soon began to talk. Like all the people of his persecuted race, this poor native of Sonora expected neither trial nor mercy from the Mexican government. He had witnessed the exportation of tens of thousands of his people to the slave camps of

Southern Mexico and he expected to follow them. But my case was different—I was an educated Mexican—and he felt sure that my crime must be great indeed, to cause the severe treatment which he witnessed. I told him that I was a Liberal and he replied: "That must be a very great offense. I have seen some criminals but none have been treated like you."

On the same morning about eleven o'clock, I was taken from the Naco



JAIL DOOR AND CIRCULAR GARITO AT CANANEA

jail, under a guard of twenty rurales and hurried by train to the Cananea jail, where I stayed two nights.

On the second day of my imprisonment in Cananea, one of the jailors gave me a most unpleasant piece of information. "Sarabia," he said, "tonight the rurales are to take you to Hermosillo. It is a long, hard ride of sixty miles, through the mountains, but you will never reach that city alive as I am told that it is their intention to shoot you on the road."

This depressed me, for such secret killing of prisoners is a common practice with the rurales. In the evening they placed me, handcuffed, on a horse, and I rode through the streets of Cananea. Was it to be my last ride? I did not know, but with the determination to make one more effort for my life I shouted out to attract as much attention as possible:

"Long live liberty—death to tyranny," and other things which would let the passersby know that I was a political prisoner in danger of assassination by the rurales.

I believe these shouts helped to save my life, for the people in the streets stopped and listened, and the fact that I was carried away in the midst of the rurales became well known. After twenty hours of the most terrible ride through the mountains—handcuffed, and with my feet tied underneath my horse—I arrived in Hermosillo, alive certainly, but as near dead from exhaustion as I have ever been.

Many times, on this most awful portion of my trip, did I plead with the rurales to allow me to rest and to take off the handcuffs, but they had but one answer: "Tonight we are ordered to deliver you to the keeper of the Hermosillo penitentiary and tonight you must arrive—go on."

The superintendent of the Hermosillo penitentiary had known me in the City of Mexico and would have liked to have been my friend had he dared. After three days' imprisonment without a single charge being placed against me, I spoke to the superintendent: "How is it," I asked, "that you break the law of the land in my case? Do you not know that the Mexican Constitution states that prisoners must be released if after seventy-two hours of confinement no charge is placed against them? What is my crime? Or, if I am an innocent man, why do you not release me?"

To this, the superintendent answered, ashamed, and with eyes avoiding mine, "It is the truth that you say, but if I were to release you I would merely put myself in your place. Listen, Manuel, I did send a report to Governor Torres, asking what to do with you, but he does not answer."

On the eighth day of my confinement in Hermosillo a great surprise happened to me. Captain Wheeler of the United States rangers walked into the prison. I could hardly believe it; I was free, and the Captain had come to take me back to American soil.

"Do you know what this affair has cost me, Sarabia?" asked the captain of the rangers as we sat together in the train on the way north. I shook my head.

"Two hundred dollars out of my own pocket," he continued feelingly, as if the money lost to him was the most important part of the whole affair.

I replied that I would rather pay two hundred dollars many times over

than go through such a terrible trip again. I then showed him my wrists bruised and swollen with the handcuffs.

Wheeler did everything in his power to be affable to me, told me that the whole affair was a "big blunder," that a Mexican army officer by the name of Banderas had charged me with having killed three men in Mexico, upon which he had felt compelled to order my arrest. Finally, he gave me a hint of the excitement caused in Douglas by my kidnaping. Mass meetings had been held and telegrams sent to Washington demanding that the authorities take immediate action to obtain my release. I now began to understand why the Captain had been so willing to spend the two hundred dollars out of his own pocket to hasten my release. Wheeler also recounted his interview with Governor Torres, who acknowledged, upon the Captain putting the question directly to him, that I was not a murderer, but "only a revolutionist that was giving a great deal of trouble to the Mexican government." The Governor, said Wheeler, expressed surprise and sorrow that I had been kidnaped and immediately wrote an order for my release.

All this only confirmed my belief in the hypocrisy of this Mexican official, for the Governor was well aware of all that had happened long before Wheeler appeared in Hermosillo.

Wheeler had been quick and willing to agree to my arrest but his slowness in returning me to Douglas was remarkable. I could have easily arrived there on the 13th—as my friends expected—but no, the Captain insisted that I stop over night at his home in Naco, thereby disappointing the people who had arranged a public reception for me in Douglas. It was Wheeler's policy, no doubt, to allow this "international episode" to be forgotten as soon as possible.

As soon as the train bearing Wheeler and myself arrived at Nogales, the first station on American soil, two American police officers entered the car and began conversation with me. One of them I had seen in Bisbee, and the other came from El Paso, Texas. Both of them told me how glad they were to see me return to the United States, but both advised against my taking any legal action to convict the men who had helped to kidnap me.

On my arrival in Douglas, I was surprised and pleased to see a large crowd gathered at the depot to greet me, some of them carrying banners on which was written, "Welcome, Justice, Liberty." When I alighted from the train, my friends fairly carried me to a platform arranged in the street, where I was asked to say a few words to the gathering.

But the most surprising thing of all was the behavior of two men, employees of the Copper Queen Company, who offered me three hundred

dollars and a ticket to any place where I might wish to go, if I would only leave Douglas immediately.

One of them, Gallardo by name, said that all I need do was to go to the Copper Queen store and the money and ticket would be immediately given to me. These offers I declined, judging rightly the source from which they came and the reason for this sudden desire to "assist" me out of town.

Antonio Maza, the Mexican consul, had his agents continuously following me, urging that I take the money at the Copper Queen store and leave town. Finally, I told them flatly that I would not, but on the contrary, I would assist the legal authorities in bringing the kidnapers to justice—but this, unfortunately, has never yet been done.

The grand jury met in Tombstone; I went there and testified to all that had happened—but nothing was done.

Many police officers were present, from Bisbee, Naco, Douglas and other places, and also the Mexican consul, Maza—and yet nothing was done.



BELEN PRISON IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, WHERE MANUEL SARABIA WAS IMPRISONED FOR EIGHT MONTHS FOR ADDRESSING A STREET MEETING OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

EDITOR RAILROADED TO PEN FOR PUBLISHING PAPER IN U. S.

CONVICT
NO.
6307



2½ YEARS
IN
LEAVENWORTH

ANTONIO DE P. ARAUJO

The Mexican Political Prisoners

BY JOHN MURRAY

Secretary of the Political Refugee Defense League



ON the third day of last March three men chained together like wild beasts were hurried through a side entrance of the Arcade railroad station at Los Angeles, California, and placed on board a train bound for Arizona.

The first of the three was a curly-headed, square-shouldered man with a determined face—that was Ricardo Flores Magon. Manacled to his right hand was a small, black-eyed, trim looking figure that in spite of the coarse blue garb, which all the prisoners wore, still retained the air of a student—this was Librado Rivera,

once a professor in the Mexican University. The third prisoner was both younger and taller than either of his companions, and carried himself with a stride that told of the man used to the saddle, for Antonio Villarreal had taken many a long, desperate ride when the Mexican Liberal party needed safe-word carried from group to group. These three political prisoners were all members of the revolutionary Junta that gives head to Mexico's unrest; and to get them across the line, back into his clutches, is the one burning desire of President Porfirio Diaz' life.

Nineteen months had passed in Los Angeles since the day when the Furlong Detective Agency, in the employ of the Mexican government, had dragged these three patriots to the county jail, there to be held "incommunicado" upon orders from United States Attorney Oscar Lawler. The Supreme Court of the United States at Washington had refused them bail—although they were neither robbers nor murderers—and month after month their trial was put off so that their term of imprisonment as supposedly guiltless men threatened to be longer than any possible conviction under the United States law could give them.

But why this man-hunt after those whose only offense against their country's government is to have unceasingly fought for constitutional rights?

Why does Diaz want them?

Here is the answer from three different witnesses, whose point of view is unbiased and as far apart as the North Pole is from the South. This is what Fredrick Palmer says, writing in the *Chicago Tribune* of February 22:

"In one sense Diaz has to answer for the sins and errors of the Zelayas, the Castros and the Cabrerars, who justify their careers by his. When they execute men without the formality of a trial they point to his own merciless extermination of his enemies.

* * *

"I heard one old resident estimate that the execution of 30,000 men stood to Diaz's account. Such is his power that a score of malcontents may be shot without anybody except their neighbors being the wiser.

"On one occasion, when he was asked by wire what disposition to make of a certain revolutionist who had been captured, his prompt unexpurgated answer, I am told, was: "Kill him while he is hot." And perhaps an hour later he was at a reception, bending in Castilian dignity to receive a bouquet from a party of school children.

* * *

"Through his hands pass the innumerable concessions; his the favors to grant. All capital asks is stability. Diaz was the strong ruler who guaranteed it. Self-interest makes every foreign resident a Diaz man. Every promoter of any great industry welcomes a single head rather than many heads to deal with. Thus all outsiders support the despotism."

Palmer writes from the investing capitalist's point of view and therefore cannot be said to exaggerate the tyranny of the Mexican Dictator. But there are others who have spoken plainly, men whose word is unques-

tioned by many millions of American citizens; let us hear Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

"In Mexico, men, women and children have been shot down for joining in *un-armed parades* in favor of popular elections, and the man who wishes for liberty or justice has to whisper that wish below his breath."

Another witness, the leader of the Social Democrats in Milwaukee, Victor Berger, speaks as follows:

"These political prisoners are Mexican patriots, and if *they* are criminals and deserved to be jailed so were the German revolutionists of '48, Carl Schurz, Franz Siegel and a host of other American citizens."

A day and a night passed on the Arizona train—the prisoners all the while shackled—and on the morning of March 4th they arrived in Tucson and were hurried to the Federal prison of that place to await May 5th, the day of their trial in Tombstone.

And these three are not the only Mexican patriots captured on American soil—not by a long score. One American detective agency alone has returned into the waiting hands of the Diaz soldiery across the line, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MEXICAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

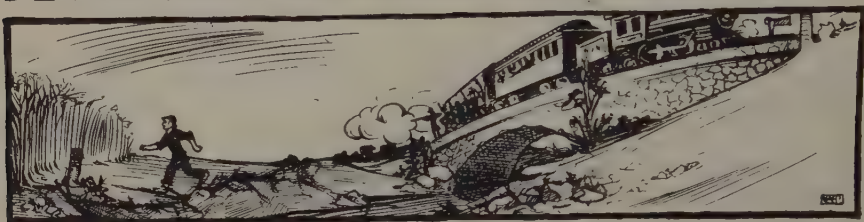
Encouraged by the easy manner in which his political enemies could be arrested in the United States, Diaz has gone one step farther and has begun the systematic suppression of all papers published in the Spanish language in the country which criticizes his acts of tyranny. Here is the evidence:

"Deputy United States Marshal W. A. Carpenter this morning went to the McLennan county jail and there re-arrested Antonio de P. Araujo, the alleged Mexican revolutionist who was taken into custody here two or three weeks ago on charge of violating the neutrality laws of the United States in publishing incendiary newspapers in the state and by stirring up revolutionary sentiment among the Mexicans here and in other ways aiding and abetting the attempted revolution in the sister republic."—*Times-Herald*, Waco, Texas.

A free press has supposedly been the one unassailable liberty still possessed by the American people and yet a more flagrant case of press censorship than this suppression of Araujo's paper could not be found in Russia.

What will Americans do in support of the right of asylum in this country?—that is the question which these political prisoners and the Political Prisoners' Refugee Defense League will unceasingly continue to ask until the right answer is given.

AN UNEXPECTED BROTHER



BY MAY AND E. J. BEALS-HOFFPAUIR



It was not a rash deed born of sudden daring impulse, as the guards believe to this day. It was a carefully planned, well-calculated escape. Perhaps the guards would not believe this if it were told them. That a short-term convict would deliberately take such risks for mere freedom is not to be believed, until you consider the convict.

He was born on the little island of Illyria, among the salt marshes of the Louisiana coast. His boyhood sports on land and in water, and also in the air among the branches of great live oaks, had given him the wiriness and agility of a panther. His life in the open—days and nights spent in hunting deer, bear, catamounts and sea fowl—had given him almost inexhaustible stores of strength and endurance. So to him the risks were not so great as they seemed to the onlookers and freedom was as the very breath of life. He had never thought of freedom, save as fishes may think of the sea, until suddenly it was taken from him. Then it was all.

We may also consider, though the convict did not, the fact that most of the guards considered him innocent.

"Hell!" said one old guard, "I been here fifteen years an' we ain't had no Illyria geezers here yit. Them folks don't come to the penitentiary. They ain't got no churches."

The convict had helped build the short spur of railroad running out to the new camp to which they were taking him, and had noticed that a small stream of water which they had bridged, softened the soil for several feet on either side of it. He had jumped for this

stream from the window of the moving convict train, and had counted on its shallow banks to protect him from the fire of the guards.

There was a great field of sugar cane on either side of the railroad; not half a mile distant was a bayou down which he could easily swim twelve miles to the Father of Waters. Twenty miles down its banks were friends, food and safe hiding. He crawled along the little stream to the cane field. Later, in order to elude the hounds, he would take to the bayou.

Once in the sheltering cane field he leaped to his feet cursing, in fluent Creole patois, the manacles on his ankles. Fortunately his



hands were free. He went down the cane rows in great leaps, barely touching his hands to the earth. His mode of locomotion resembled closely that of a kangaroo.

He heard the train slow down and stop. He heard shouting and then silence, and the running of the guards and the rustling of the cane. As the footsteps came nearer he dropped to the ground. Each row of cane forms a thick, leafy screen and there was hope for the convict so long as no guard happened into the same row with himself.

But the guards were making a systematic search, each one following a cane row to the end of the field. The hunted man saw a guard approaching and rolled between the cane stalks into the next row. It was his only chance and he glanced hurriedly up and down the row. There was no guard in sight. He lay still until the footsteps had all passed and then began again his kangaroo-like leaping toward the bayou. He was not afraid to try the water, manacled as he was. There was no diver to match him, even on the Illyria where all were swimmers.

Before long he heard the footsteps of the returning guards and



dropped to the earth, motionless, save for his hunted eyes. When he saw that there was a guard in his cane row he tried his former trick of creeping between the stalks. There was no time to reconnoitre. He rolled through hurriedly and looked up to find himself at the very feet of a stalwart six-footer with a loaded rifle in hand.

He was at bay but unafraid. Death was better than captivity and

his lips drew back in a soundless snarl as he struggled to a sitting posture and raised clenched fists.

The guard's clear gray eyes looked into his steadily and the clenched hands dropped beside him. He even began a confused apology, though he could not have told why until he saw that the guard had taken a key from his pocket as he stooped over the manacled feet.

At that moment stealthy footsteps approached on the other side of a leafy cane row. Both men held their breath till the danger was well passed. Then the key clicked in the lock.

"Tote 'em to the bayou, brother," said the guard. "They mustn't be found here—unlocked."

He frowned with Anglo-Saxon dread of a scene as the Frenchman grasped the hand that held the rifle in both his own and covered it with kisses.

From the point of view of a higher economic form of society, the private ownership of the globe on the part of some individuals will appear quite as absurd as the private ownership of one man by another. Even a whole society, a nation, or even all societies together, are not the Owners of the globe. They are only its Possessors, its users, and they have to hand it down to the coming generations in an improved condition, like good fathers of families. . . . —Karl Marx, in Volume III of Capital.

Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN

VII. SOCIALIST SOCIOLOGY



SOCIOLOGY treats of human society. It studies man at his everyday affairs, aiming to tell how present social relations came to be and what direction they are taking. It is the youngest of the sciences, the most complex and, consequently, the least exact, so that its conclusions must be accepted only very tentatively. But, while still fumbling about in its swaddling clothes, it has come to be the most favored of the family of sciences, and is developing rapidly.

One thing, however, we may say at the outset. Sociology, to be worth anything, must be sociology—a survey that takes into consideration the play of social activities together. The study of some particularly curious or interesting phenomenon in society, by itself, is not sociology, any more so than is the study of one's finger nails anatomy. Many so-called sociologists do not hold this opinion. They believe they can handle one question, such as child-labor, at a time, independently of the whole social question. Such sociology is of the stamp that imagines that our vagrancy problem can be solved by compelling tramps to "move on"—as if there were an edge of the earth somewhere, over which they can be shoved.

Objection must also be made to the theory that society is merely a collection of individuals, and that if we know the "human nature" of one individual and multiply it by the number of individuals, we can thereby tell what society is. For every one is aware that we do things in our relations with our fellowmen that we would not dream of doing if we lived alone on some desert isle. Governments, for instance, are the consequence of certain social conditions, and are very little influenced by the fact that here or there some individual thinks they deprive him of his personal liberty. In turn, what may be to the individual's welfare or detriment, as an individual, is not necessarily to the welfare or detriment of society at large. Thus, an individual's extravagance often stimulates industrial activity; an individual's thrift is often a menace to the general welfare. What counts, therefore, is the sum total of our activities as members of society.

Then what is society? Spencer called it an organism. It has many of the attributes of an organism. Yet it has not developed out of another organism, having been "artificially" created and may be so destroyed. It is not a true organism. Again, it has been called an organization. This is less satisfactory. The hold society has upon us is more binding, more deeply seated, than that of an association. It is part of our very makeup. Even hermits like to be within calling distance of their fellow-men, and hermits are very rare at that. Society is more of an organism than an organization.

Human society differs from all other organisms because of the influence of the mind of man. By the exercise of this faculty, man has scaled heights of achievement far beyond anything attained in the animal kingdom, and has acquired the pursuit of happiness as an end in itself. It is the use of mechanical tools and the desire for pleasure, either independent of or in conjunction with the will to live, that, according to Lester F. Ward, distinguishes man from the other animals and raises human society above animal gregariousness. It may be observed that Ward, probably unconsciously, borrows the thought of "pursuit of happiness" from the Declaration of Independence, a document that the invention of superior mechanical tools was not a little responsible for. Ward takes up the influence of mind especially in his "Psychic Factors of Civilization." "The environment transforms the animal, while man transforms the environment," he says. "The fundamental principle of biology is natural selection, that of sociology is artificial selection." And of the human struggle for existence, he declares: "In no proper sense is it true that the fittest survive." In his "Applied Sociology" he goes even further. Here he declares: "The intellectual factor completely reverses the biologic law. The whole effort of intelligence has been to do away with the struggle for existence. . . . The law of nature has been neutralized in the physical world and civilization is the result. It is still in force in the social and especially in the economic world, but this is because the method of mind has not been applied to these departments of nature." The mind is such a great factor that modern sociology flows out of psychology, which, in turn, rests upon biology. For this reason, too, we speak of the social environment as "artificial" (for want of a better word), to distinguish it from the purely organic or physical environment.

How did society come to be? For information on this point we turn to Lewis Morgan, whose great work, "Ancient Society," is a storehouse of data as to what has gone before. Just as the human embryo, in its development, epitomizes organic evolution, so Morgan

found, largely through his experiences among the Iriquois nation of American Indians, in learning their institutions, customs and traditions, that civilized man is a resumé of social evolution.

Morgan divides savagery and barbarism into three periods each. Supposing man, as such, to have existed now a hundred thousand years upon earth, Morgan thinks it fair to say that sixty thousand years were spent in savagery, twenty thousand in older barbarism, fifteen thousand in its two newer periods, leaving about five thousand for civilization. If anything, Morgan underestimates the time society has existed. In making these divisions, Morgan says: "It is probable that the successive arts of subsistence which arose at long intervals will ultimately, from the great influence they must have exercised upon the condition of mankind, afford the most satisfactory bases for these divisions."

The earliest form of social arrangement known is that of communism, when the land and almost everything else was held in common. And it is speaking of this time that Morgan says: "The principal institutions of mankind originated in savagery, were developed in barbarism, and are maturing in civilization." The author mentions among these institutions, "the rudiments of language, of government, of the family, of religion, of house architecture and of property, together with the principal germs of the arts of life."

The first division of labor was between man and woman. While man was the hunter and warrior, woman both delved and spun, despite the old saying. The many accomplishments of prehistoric woman, O. T. Mason has recounted for us in his "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture." Particularly should be noted the making of pottery, which brought about village life and marked the transition from savagery to barbarism; also the domestication of animals, the last step but one before civilization.

The first organization of society was upon the basis of sex. Husband and wife belonged to different gentes. Morgan defines a gens as "descended from the same common ancestor, distinguished by a gentile name, and bound together by affinities of blood." From the same root we derive the words "generate" and "generation." Several gentes made a tribe through the medium of phratries, and several tribes made a nation, each fulfilling certain purposes and exercising certain administrative rights, of a different nature from those of our present political government.

Political government founded upon property and division of territory, with its economic classes, tax gatherers and police powers, was an innovation that disrupted tribal society. It is not yet two and a

half thousand years old, and, as Morgan says, "although apparently a simple idea, it required centuries of time and a complete revolution of pre-existing conceptions of government to accomplish the result." Morgan declares private property to be the principal cause of the change. Thus he says, in regard to Athens: "The useful arts had attained a very considerable development; commerce on the sea had become a national interest; agriculture and manufactures were well advanced; and written composition in verse had commenced. They were in fact a civilized people, and had been for two centuries." Says Engels, in his "Origin of the Family," which follows "Ancient Society:" "Liberty, equality and fraternity, though never formulated, were cardinal principles of the gens." For a long while the wife perforce was the head of the family. "In all societies in which the matriarchal form of the family has maintained itself," Lafargue tells us, "we find landed property held by the woman. . . . So long as property was a cause of subjection, it was abandoned to the woman; but no sooner had it become a means of emancipation and supremacy in the family and society than man tore it from her."

The family has undergone many changes. Morgan finds five forms of the family, each representing a different period: The consanguine, the intermarriage of brothers and sisters in a group, giving the Malayan system of relationships; the punaluan, the inter-marriage of several brothers to each other's wives in a group, and several sisters to each other's husbands in a group, creating the Turanian system of relationships; the syndyasmian family, the pairing of one male with one female, with no exclusive habitation and with separation at the option of either; the patriarchal family, the intermarriage of one man to several wives; the monogamian family, consisting of one man and one woman, creating the monogamian system of relationships. Evidence of the first two forms still remains, although they belong to savagery and precede the institution of the gens. The third form is still extant among barbarians; Engels tells us it existed among the Irish and Welsh down to the twelfth century. The patriarchal form is that of pastoral tribes, notably the Hebrews of biblical times. It exists among the Mormons today. The last form is peculiar to private property and civilization. Here again, as Morgan says: "Property becomes sufficiently powerful in its influence to touch the organic structure of society."

The immorality of our time is, to a great extent, a reversion to what was formerly normal. Immorality is atavistic. Bigamy, the double code of sexual morals and the other one-sided secret arrangements especially prevalent among the upper class, are of this nature.

As a general rule, frequency of relapse to a former sexual relation depends upon how nearly it approaches the present relation. By what we can gather from evolution, the family of the future is likely to be one of pure monogamy.

It has been well said that the freedom of any society may be measured by the freedom of its women. "Woman was the first human being to come into bondage; she was a slave before the male Slave existed," says Bebel, in his great work, "Woman under Socialism." Let us remember that as late as the sixteenth century—after Sappho had twanged her lyre and when we were about to have from Shakespeare the characters of Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Ophelia and Portia—serious men were still in doubt as to whether or not woman has a soul; while Havelock Ellis tells us, in his work on "Man and Woman," "It can scarcely be said that the study of the brain from the present point of view leads to the revelation of any important sexual distinctions." For over a century woman has been struggling for the right of suffrage, a right she enjoyed in barbarism. Step by step she has fought her way up, bearing alone the sacred burden of motherhood and yet deemed unworthy to share the liberties of her offspring. At the present time over five million women in America, a large proportion of whom are married, crowd the labor market. Like man they are compelled to prostitute their minds and muscle for bread, while more than half a million are thrust in the mire even more deeply than man. The woman problem is most decidedly part of the social problem, although women are prevented from assisting at its solution.

Differences there are between the two sexes, differences that reach down into our very being. Havelock Ellis, after considering such distinctions, sums the matter up in this fashion: "All the evidence brought together points, with varying degrees of certainty, to the same conclusion—the greater physical frailty of men, the greater tenacity of life in women." "From an organic standpoint, therefore, women represent the more stable and conservative element in evolution." "In each sex there are undeveloped organs and functions which in the other sex are developed." Ward has this to say: "The dominant characteristic of the male faculty is courage, that of the female, prudence." "In the realm of the intellect, where he would fain reign supreme, she has proved herself fully his equal and is entitled to her share of whatever credit attaches to human progress thereby achieved." And Edward Carpenter, in "Love's Coming of Age," pays this tribute: "Since she keeps to the great lines of evolution and is less biased and influenced by the momentary currents of the

day; since her life is bound up with the life of the child; since in a way she is nearer the child herself, and nearer to the savage; it is to her that Man, after his excursions and wanderings, mental and physical, continually tends to return as to his primitive home and resting place, to restore his balance, to find his centre of life and to draw stores of energy and inspiration for fresh conquests of the outer world." It is the male who searches for new worlds to conquer, while the female conserves what has been gained. Organic inequalities tend to make the sexes complement each other and work for social betterment. Each is realized only through a perfect union with the other. There is no room for social distinctions.

As deplorable as the condition of woman is today, that of the child is still worse. Two millions of the youngsters are turning their frail bodies into profit; thousands of them die before arriving at maturity. Says Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her work, "Concerning Children": "As members of society, we find they have received almost no attention. They are treated as members of the family by the family, but not even recognized as belonging to society. . . . Except for these rare cases of special playgrounds, except for the quite generous array of school houses and a few orphan asylums and kindred institutions, there are no indications in city or country that there are such people as children." And here it may be inserted that, whatever element of truth there may be in the view that Bernard Shaw writes plays for the opportunity it affords him of penning prefaces, true enough is it that many such a sociological contribution as Spencer's "Education" is badly in need of a long preliminary chapter, setting forth the fact that for the great mass of the people the treatise is largely inapplicable. Mrs. Gilman, for her part, knows that the welfare of the little ones is bound up in the general concern. "Our children suffer individually from bad social conditions," she says, "but cannot be saved individually."

Man's relations in society are the outcome of what has gone before, the fruit of historical conditions. Only by bearing this in mind can we understand existing institutions, learn how codes of morality come to be formulated and determine what course of action makes for the common good. This method is that of historical materialism, the Socialist interpretation of history. That the method is a rational one is shown by the fact that the establishment of international commercial connections is followed by the holding of international conferences on matters of a diplomatic, philosophical, scientific and sociological nature, although some of these conferences are international in little but name. It is shown in the fact that the so-

called "individualistic" school of sociology, represented by Spencer, which was a reflex of capitalism in its younger days, is being ousted by the modern "social" school, indicating that our social order is drawing to a close.

It is in the domain of criminal sociology, of all special fields, that possibly the most satisfactory work has been done thus far. For this we are indebted particularly to Enrico Ferri, of the positive school of criminology of Lombroso.

Distinguishing three causes of crime—heredity, physical, and social environments—Ferri divides criminals into five groups: criminal madmen, born criminals, criminals by contracted habits, occasional criminals and criminals of passion, and declares that mad criminals and criminals of passion are 5 to 10 per cent of the total; born and habitual criminals, 40 to 50 per cent, and occasional criminals, 40 to 50 per cent. While laying due stress upon this fact, Ferri goes on to say: "It is to the social factors that we must chiefly attribute the periodic variations of criminality." Again, "The truth is that the balance of crime is determined by the physical and social environment. But by changing the condition of the social environment, which is most easily modified, the legislator may alter the influence of the telluric environment and the organic and psychic conditions of the population, control the greater portion of crimes and reduce them considerably." His studies lead him to formulate a "law of criminal saturation," which he explains as follows: "Just as in a given volume of water, at a given temperature, we find a solution of a fixed quantity of any chemical substance, not an atom more or less, so in a given social environment, in certain defined physical conditions of the individual, we find the commission of a fixed number of crimes." It is in obedience to this law that at one time men try to break out of jail, while at another time they try to break in.

The positive school, therefore, considers the criminal a victim rather than a free will agent. It proceeds upon the theory that, as the saying goes, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and, in its program, offers "penal substitutes," whereby criminal proclivities may be diverted into non-criminal and useful channels. It may be said, however, that the carrying out of this program is largely dependent upon the progress of the workers and the birth of a social consciousness. In the minor courts today, to the greatest degree, and to some extent in the superior courts, judges are chosen, not so much so for being learned in the law as for wealth or service to the political machine. It goes without saying that this is equally true of legislators and prison officials. Also, the "law of criminal saturation"

is quite acceptable to one who regards society from the standpoint of historical materialism. The theory of saturation may be applied to other social ills; it is but another way of putting it that the human race tolerates one social order until it is ready for another.

In some respects the most courageous work done in the field of sociology is that of the school of Ratzenhofer, represented by Albion W. Small. Says the latter, in his work on "General Sociology:" "In the beginning were interests. . . . The primary interests of every man, as of every animal, is in sheer keeping alive. . . . The conspicuous element in the history of the race, so far as it has been recorded, is universal conflict of interests." The last sentiment is readily recognized as the opening thought of the "Communist Manifesto," Engels' footnote included. Small lays stress upon class interests, dividing society into "three chief groups: the privileged; the middle class; those without property, rights, or influence."

This is a pretty good working foundation. Furthermore, if sociology is, as its exponents affirm, the science of sciences, the bouquet of the others, it must take a stand in this great conflict of contending interests. Sociology that exists for its own sake is sterile. There is no sociology for the sake of sociology, as Ferri well puts it. It must exist for the sake of society. Just as there is a positive school of criminal sociology, so there must be a positive program for general sociology. Small perceives this. So he declares: "From the human standpoint no science is an end in itself. The proximate end of all science is organization into action." And again, "The sociologists believe that the most worthy work of men is effort to improve human conditions." Following this theme, Small talks in the language of the Socialist: "Civilization involves approach to a situation in which each person shall be a person, not a commodity for other persons; in which also each person shall be equally free with every other person to develop the type of personality latent in his natural endowment, not the sort of personality to which he would be limited by arbitrary division of opportunity." Small accepts Socialist economics: "In the first place, capital itself produces nothing. It earns nothing. This is contrary to general economic presumption." And following this: "If we are justified in drawing any general conclusions whatever from human experience thus far, it is safe to say that the social process tends to put an increasing proportion of individuals in possession of all the goods which have been discovered by the experience of humanity as a whole, and that all social program should be thought out with a view to promotion of this tendency."

How near Small comes to the Socialist position may be gathered

from this thought, which is repeated throughout his work: "The great value of sociology to most people will be an indirect consequence of its furnishing a point of view, a perspective, an atmosphere, which will help to place all the problems of life with which each has to deal; or, to use a different figure, it will serve as a pass-key to all the theoretical difficulties about society that each of us may encounter." What is the nature of this pass key? "Indeed, we have come to realize that politics at bottom is very largely a maneuvering to control the means of controlling wealth." Here Small uses historical materialism as a pass-key.

But because Small does not accept in full the position of the Socialist, his work has no positive program. And such a program it must have, to be worth anything. For, in his own words, "If our sociology turns out to be real knowledge, not the temporary aberration of a few pedants, it must have a message that can be translated from technical academic phraseology into the thought and words of common life." Small could not strike off better the charge of the Socialist; he could not better acknowledge the challenge of the workers that the fulfilling of this purpose is the express mission of the Socialist movement.

It is just the theory of historical materialism that is the vitalizing force of sociology. If "history is sociology in the yoke," as Small contends, and if sociology is largely a matter of interpretation, as he believes, he must accept historical materialism or offer a substitute. "History is just becoming rational, just beginning to ascertain its function and to comprehend its rightful domain. History—not that fragment we now call history, but the record and contemplation of the evolution of things—the history of social conditions and tendencies, of theories and experiments, of laws and institutions, in times gone by—that wider history which narrates events antedating human memory and consciousness—the history of the long processes in the evolution of life on the planet—history which tells of the mighty, unseen cataclysms which took place in the fiery eons of the earth's babyhood—the biography of planets and systems and of the peoples and institutions that have evolved upon them—this is history in its future, rational and universal sense." Such is the utterance of J. Howard Moore, in his "Better World Philosophy." Is it a mere accident that this new attitude toward history comes after Marx formulated the theory of historical materialism, showing that the rise of the labor movement would necessitate just such an attitude?

And is it an accident that the end of sociology is said to be the socialization of achievement, just at the time when the workers

declare their program to be the socialization of industry? That it is no accident, we may gather from the fact that Ward accepts the Socialist position on this matter, as well as historical materialism, even though he calls himself a "socioocrat" instead of Socialist.

Let us put together what Ward tells us. "National freedom and political freedom have been achieved. Social freedom remains to be achieved." "The movement that is now agitating society is different from any of the previous movements, but it differs from them only as they differ from one another. It is nothing less than the coming to consciousness of the proletariat." "For the first time in the history of political parties there has been formed a distinctively industrial party, which possesses all the elements of permanence and may soon be a controlling factor in American politics. Though this may not as yet presage a great social revolution, still it is precisely the way in which a reform in the direction indicated should be expected to originate." "There is only one live problem, the maximum equalization of intelligence." "The union, association and complete fusion of all races into one great homogeneous race—the race of man—is the final step in social evolution." "Mankind wants no eleemosynary schemes, no private nor public benefactions, no fatherly oversight of the privileged classes, nor any other form of patronizing hypocrisy. They only want power—the power which is their right and which lies within their grasp. They have only to reach out and take it. The victims of privative ethics are in the immense majority. They constitute society. They are the heirs of all the ages. They have only to rouse and enter upon their patrimony that the genius of all lands and of all time has generously bequeathed to them."

And Morgan, too, accepts the Socialist position, when he says: "When the intelligence of mankind rises to the height of the great question of the abstract rights of property,—including the relations of property to the state, as well as the rights of persons to property,—a modification of the present order of things may be expected. The nature of the coming changes it may be impossible to conceive; but it seems probable that democracy, once universal in a rudimentary form and repressed in many civilized states, is destined to become again universal and supreme."

The sociology that responds to every test, therefore, is Socialist sociology. It furnishes the pass-key to understand the society of the past and to explain its present structure. It rests upon the theory that material interests are of fundamental importance and that they must be satisfactorily adjusted before there can be peace among man-

kind. It recognizes that so long as one man anywhere is enslaved, the human race is enslaved. It points to the war of the classes and declares that the future of the working class is the future of society. It brings sociology down to earth and the common man, where it belongs. Its program is the life-giving force to sociology: to socialize achievement by converting the means of production into collective property, thereby making the fullest and freest development of the individual accord with the welfare and progress of society, and replacing the existing chaos and conflict by harmony and happiness.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of books is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.

Ancient Society. By Lewis Morgan. \$1.50.

Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State. By F. Engels. 50c.

Woman under Socialism. By August Bebel. \$1.00.

Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis. Scribners. New York.

Criminal Sociology. By E. Ferri. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Positive School of Criminology. By E. Ferri. 50c.

Better World Philosophy. By J. Howard Moore. \$1.00.

General Sociology. By Albion W. Small. U. of Chicago Press. Chicago.

Psychic Factors of Civilization. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Applied Sociology. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn & Co., Boston.



Historical Christianity and Socialism

BY PROF. THOMAS C. HALL, D. D.



ONLY on my return from Europe have I had a chance to read Mr. Isador Ladoff's article in the number of the **Review** for August. It was not, therefore, lack of courtesy, nor yet the sense that the article was unanswerable that has caused my silence.

The subject is of such importance that I beg a return to the theme suggested by the title.

Now first to clear the ground a little, Mr. Isador Ladoff's statement that "no orthodox Christian will recognize me as a brother in Christ" is happily beside the mark. I am an accredited teacher in an evangelical school of theology, and preach more or less regularly in the pulpits of at least six different Christian denominations, in one of which I am a minister in good and regular standing. I am glad that my religion "is a rational ethics," for the ethics of some of my materialist friends seem to me highly irrational.

As for the "gentle art of imparting to the Koran or the Bible any meaning desired," that art is not cultivated in a really modern theological school, and there are now happily many such schools. Nowhere has criticism been freer and more courageous than in the theological faculties of half a dozen schools of learning I could name. It is not generous nor yet true to the facts to cast slurs upon the personal sincerity of men who have stood for truth as they saw it, often at great personal sacrifice. Moreover protestant ministers are not a "priestly caste," though the caste spirit is unhappily no monopoly of any calling.

The dogmatism of Mr. Ladoff reminds me of the apologetics of the third century. What "history proves" is so wide a field, and is so dependent upon the historian and what he wants to prove that it is almost fruitless to follow up, as one might, the various dogmatic statements as to what "history proves" and ask for the proofs.

Science is nothing but systematized and organized experience. And to have any science at all one must start with faith that the world is in some sense knowable. No supposable knowledge can make this faith superfluous. It is relatively useless to try and stem the torrent

of Mr. Ladoff's dogmatic assertions by asking what he means by his terms; and expressions that Mr. Ladoff regards as "meaningless," may just possibly be only meaningless to him, and that on account of an imperfect knowledge of the ground they cover.

Now, leaving the details of Mr. Ladoff's article, I turn to the main trouble not only with Mr. Ladoff's article but with Mr. Ladoff and many of his friends and followers.

This trouble is a twofold one. First, Marxian Socialism is "going the way" or in danger of going the way of all great propaganda movements. It is so much easier to force personal assurances dogmatically down the people's throats than actually to produce inward assurance that Marxian Socialism is in danger of becoming as hard, as narrow and as unscientific as Dogmatic Christianity became through her struggle for imperial sway. Christianity was, "history proves," a proletarian movement. All doubt has now been fully removed as to that point by the work of Professor Deissmann among the Hellenistic inscriptions of the early church. Because it was a religious movement it was the one force that gave promise of binding society together. And as such, after trying out various oriental cults, the Roman emperors adopted it. It was at this point that it became dogmatic, and for the obvious reason that its social function was unity, and dogma seemed to that age the only basis of unity.

But dogma is not the best basis for unity. An inward spirit, and a common purpose is, as a matter of fact, a far better basis, as Greek patriotism and religious history show. Differences of opinion may be very wide if only the common purpose be even fairly well understood. It is most unfortunate that Marxian Socialism was born amidst German oppression, and at a time when an enslaved state church was the hand-maid of petty despotism. This misfortune will be doubly great if into our American life all the old and bitter misunderstandings come and poison the struggle for a new social order at the very start.

There are only two classes of men: Those of good will, willing to work and labor unselfishly for the coming new social order, of which Jesus dreamed and called the "reign of God" on earth; and men selfishly devoting themselves to personal and narrow ends.

Now, Karl Marx has a message for all "men of good will." He has thrown great light upon history, he has supplied a definite faith to many thousands, and he has pointed out an effective party tactic. There is absolutely nothing in the main outlines of the Marxian system that any Christian man may not hold. There are hundreds of "men of good will" who are ignorant socially, and who do more harm

than good by their advocacy of all manner of quack systems of amelioration, instead of going to the root of the matter. Many of these are profoundly religious. Many "strangers within our gates" who do not know our American life are utterly ignorant of the enormous social service that seemingly very absurd, narrow and ignorant forms of Christianity are rendering. Nor do they realize the profound affection and devotion these thousands cherish to various forms of organized Christianity. To abuse their religious experience, to really misrepresent in the name of Socialism, as Mr. Ladoff does, their deepest life is hopelessly to shut out from them the message of Karl Marx which they so much need.

The other difficulty is that Mr. Ladoff and his friends do not know "historical Christianity." I do not blame them. It is a department of science with its own documents and needs time and patience. But historic Christianity is a fact. And it is a mighty fact, with most tremendous lessons. One of those lessons is that centralized party despotism and traditional dogmatism are deadly foes. It has been my business to go with some care through all the principal Christian documents from Jesus to the present day, and the forces that changed and distorted historical Christianity from a religious, proletarian, democratic movement to a strong, centralized aristocratic imperialism exist today, and lurk in wait for Social Democracy in case it should prove strong enough to "make it worth while."

Did these men know Christian history as some Christian Marxian Socialists know it, they would see how terrible are the dangers that confront the party. And those dangers are not "mysticism" but stupid dogmatism, and unwillingness actually to weigh evidence and consider facts.

Historical Christianity has been grossly misused by imperial and utterly irreligious ambitions. The only remedy has been religious awakening. And only religious awakening has brought liberty. The "rationalism" of Erasmus would never have set the torch to Europe and lit the fires of the Reformation (also a religious proletarian movement) had not Luther done it. It is an historical mistake to represent the Reformation as a purely middle-class movement. It became that through the force of circumstances. Calvinism was a middle-class movement, and proved the only force strong enough to politically organize the Reformation. But in the beginning it was not so. And the success of Calvinism made the Reformation predominantly "middle class" even in Lutheran countries. The peace of Westphalia was therefore essentially dictated by middle class interests.

But one reason why religion has been thus abused is because

of its tremendous power over men. It has been worth while to capture the religious forces for all sorts of purposes. What is needed now is not the misrepresentation and abuse of religion but honest understanding of what it means, and the capture of it for the purposes of social reorganization. There has been no other such power in history as religion. It organized the whole Mohammedan world. It has organized Europe. It can reorganize life anew. There is no objection to stripping religion of every element that is not sane and rational. If there is any element in my Christian faith that is not sane and rational I am ready to surrender it. But I am not ready to surrender my faith, and I am glad to believe that there are millions like me. And it is a cruel alternative, and a brutally unnecessary alternative, to put to a devout believer in the Kingdom of God as Jesus taught it, to say he must give up what he has found strength and help from in time of darkest doubt and despair, or be refused a place as co-worker with other men of good will, who like himself stand for a new social order, in which loveless competition will be no more, and parasitic classes will no longer infect and destroy God's beautiful world.

It should never be forgotten that Karl Marx had a wife who prayed. And although he rejected her faith, he never was coarse, in his attacks upon it. Mr. Ladoff would render a real service if he could persuade some of his friends, who think it "orthodox" to forget good manners and talk of "intellectual dishonesty" and "priestly exploitation" as the essence of religion, that such utterances bar the way for thousands who otherwise might listen to Socialist arguments, and that they are really as harmful and narrow as religious fanatics. There can be no objection to any man maintaining his particular view of the world, and although the materialism of Feuerbach seems now, in the light of modern psychology, profoundly unsatisfactory, yet if any Socialist chooses to ignore the work of Wundt, Lotze, Fechner, Höffding and Wm. James, this is a relatively free country, and one can only feel sorry. But to insist that a particular type of materialism pass as the only scientific mode of thought, and to try and tie up a great world movement to a once useful but now antiquated phase of thought is a folly only equaled by the infallible Vatican in its attitude toward Thomas Aquinas. We hope sincerely this will not be the attitude of organized Socialism, for if it is it means a long educational process before we can even hope to get to work on socialism. Nothing is now more out of place than wanton and ignorant attacks by religious teachers on Socialism, or by Socialism upon religious teachers.

The really scientific mind seeks to understand facts. No scientific Marxian socialist denies that religion has functioned hitherto in the organization of society, and its forms have been a necessary outcome of the economic situation. Why, then, are we so sure that it will not function still farther, and that in new phases and under other forms will function even more effectively under the new coming economic conditions?

To contrast religion and science is to the really scientific theologian, trained in the methods of the laboratory and of historical research, entirely false. Modern theology aims at scientific completeness as much as medicine or biology. It knows the methods in both spheres. It also knows the methods of historical and philosophical research. It has no fear of either and seeks to make these methods its own.

What Mr. Ladoff is really opposed to is scholastic theology, against which modern theology protests as earnestly and more intelligently than he, because it knows the ground better. But Mr. Ladoff and his friends greatly increase the difficulty of effective protest against this scholasticism, and confuse the issue by indiscriminate, and Mr. Ladoff must excuse me if I say somewhat uninstructed, attack upon all religion.





I. PRELIMINARY



FORMER writer, in touching upon these subjects has said that is almost impossible to keep cool and write about them in a normal way. This is no doubt true. The conditions that prevail in our police, judicial and penitentiary departments are enough to make "every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead." The true facts that prevail are not well known, except to the underworld, amongst the ones that administer the so-called justice and those who observe for themselves.

The Los Angeles Times, a capitalist organ, freely admits that our system of penology is a disgrace to civilization. Brand Whitlock asks plaintively, "What good does it do?" Lincoln Steffens and Charles Erskine Scott Wood level wholesale denunciation at the heads of our police departments. Charles Edward Russell exposes, and effectively, too, the contract convict lease system of Georgia. Robert G. Ingersoll of the past and Clarence S. Darrow of today attack the present system and with a host of others unite in denouncing the fiendishness displayed by those in power. Nevertheless, the true facts are not well known. It is almost impossible to get anything into the capitalistic press about these subjects.

Formerly, the police and the judges were content to prey upon help-

less humanity, and acquiring considerable proficiency in this line they have extended the field of their operations until now it includes all of the unemployed and a considerable portion of the wage-workers and of those others who have less than a couple of thousand dollars.

The police power has grown with the growth of capitalism, until now, the ordinary citizen's life and liberty are in danger from the police, with the tacit consent of the judges. Our peace-loving and law-abiding citizens need look well to themselves for the jails, penitentiaries, chain-gangs and what-not are too often kept filled to their full capacity in order that fat positions may be maintained and created.

It has been a source of much astonishment among the government authorities that the army and navy are sadly in need of men, and, this too, at a time when there are millions vainly ransacking the continent for employment.

In searching about for the causes of these conditions the authorities have overlooked one of the greatest. A man who is out of a job and is punished by the policeman with his club for it, or sentenced by a judge for it to a work-house, bridewell, chain-gang or penitentiary, is not going to rush with patriotic impulse into the service of a government which punished him so severely for being unemployed.

On the whole, it must seem rather odd to an unprejudiced, thinking man that a government that refuses employment to its own citizens should expect those same citizens, after having been punished with long terms in prison, to give up their lives in its service.

Evidently, Senator Dick took this view of the matter when he introduced his now celebrated Militia Bill. And this law is but one of thousands that confronts the citizen today. For over a hundred years—though especially active in the last twenty, have the legislatures of the various states and territories, the different departments of legislation, pressed thousands upon thousands of laws upon the statute books, two-thirds of which are enough to make Washington and Jefferson turn in their very graves, and to be denounced and repudiated by every former American patriot from Patrick Henry to Davy Crockett. Hampered and harassed upon every side, the ordinary citizen can scarcely move without breaking some ordinance—some law, that up to the moment of his arrest he never heard of. The suppression of free speech is only an incident in the despotic power of today. A full expose of these conditions would take volumes, consequently I can but touch lightly on most of them.

II. MARSHALS, CONSTABLES, JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

A brief reference to these subjects will be all that is necessary. After

considerable study of these three kinds of officials I am convinced that the vast majority of them are not vicious nor a menace to the welfare of the people.

It is true that there are some constables and marshals who have reached a very low form of degradation, and abuse the power they have been given by the people, but I repeat these are rare. Usually, they are recruited from the working classes, being themselves, at one time, perhaps, farmers or merchants. The same might be said of the justices of the peace in small towns and villages. Frequently they are "new" to the business, and in most cases they do endeavor to give the person before them a fair impartial trial.

The chief occupation of constables and marshals is running the unemployed out of town, terrorizing some harmless cripple, putting some one in the "lockup" over night for drunkenness; rarely do they have anything to do with criminal cases, and when they do handle these cases they generally treat the criminal with the same regard they would anyone else. Many a town marshal or constable is brave and fearless with a reverence for his sworn duty and a desire to treat every one as fairly as possible.

I am, aware, however, that there are exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a marshal or constable will take a "pot" shot at some one, being careful, however not to hit one of his own friends.

Some few cases are on record where the constables have shot down their fellow man, in the dark, when no one was around and where they could rob the body of the spoils. But fortunately these cases are not recent. In summing up, it may be said, they have not been trained in long years of ferocity, like the police.

III. DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

When a man wishes to join the "force" he is *supposed* to be of good moral character and to be physically fit. The police commission, or in some cities the chief of police, is the judge of these qualifications. These gentlemen oft-times takes bribes for putting some one on that does not measure up to the required standard. It is an open question whether the police of the large "graft" cities are as dangerous to the common people as those of the smaller metropolitan ones. However, it can be said that the police chiefs of ninety-nine out of one hundred forces are similar characters. A most ferocious expression of countenance, the eyes—in action—lit up as by the fires of hell itself, thick, bull neck, the lips, sometimes, in high excitement, fairly foaming, muscles tensed with rigid hate towards all humanity. It seems to be the profound conviction of every chief that

every one should be behind prison bars. Dante, himself, were he to gaze upon the face of a chief of police would be struck with horror. His voice resembles, at different times, many different wild beasts. The snarl of the wolf, the howl of the hyena, the brutal bay of a bloodhound, can easily be discerned.

Not often does he laugh, but when he does his terrorizing "Aw, haw, haw, haw," ringing down the corridors brings a shudder to all who hear, for when the chief laughs it is when some poor soul, who defied the police, has been "railroaded" to the "pen" for many years. The chief of police in almost all cities is a Monster in the shape of a man. When excited or enraged (which is more often the case than otherwise) the chief is dangerous to the last degree. When in repose a look even more terrific is to be seen on his face. Vague shadows upon the horizon of the memory of his mind reveal a host of men and women, rotting in prison cells; many of whom he could have sworn were entirely innocent.

In summing up, it may be asked "what makes the chief of police such a monster?" The answer is this: Through having been, many years, before being a chief, a patrolman, inspector, captain or what not and having been carefully trained in ferocity step by step, all this time, it is not surprising that his mind has developed, during this period, all the qualifications necessary for a chief to possess. But, you say: "That the chief of police frequently has met during this time many dangerous people who deserve the most brutal force." These, dear reader, are the very ones that the chief respects and admires. He treats these with most respectful consideration, sees that if sentenced at all, his "man" is turned loose once more so that he can commit some fresh crime for the detection of which the police receive the praise of the press and repeat the operation over and over again. Thus does the chief help to encourage and foster crime, for it is to his interest to do so.

It is true that the police, frequently, before onlookers, make a grand demonstration of "suppressing the dangerous element," but this is done merely for show or exhibition purposes. When the "crime market" is low the police, to win the plaudits of the people, throw out what is known as a "dragnet" in which all persons known to the police are arrested and brought to the station house, where the chief and his men can pick and choose those who shall be sent up to replenish the attendance at the various detention prisons.

Sometimes the chief, when crazed with power, will issue some edict to suppress some demonstration to let the people know he is the supreme ruler of the city. And I must admit that his assumption of supreme power is, on his part, well taken. I am unable to find a single

individual, nor did I ever hear of a case where anyone got justice or damages after suing for it in the courts, from injuries sustained at the hands of the chief or any of his men! Just think of it! The chief of police sets the pace for his men and they try to emulate him as far as possible. He protects them and woe be unto the citizen who has an enemy on the "force"; for if the officer desires to get revenge, it would have been better for that citizen if he had never been born. A recent case has come to light in New York, where a former pugilist had the temerity, while drunk, to strike an officer. He was arrested and sentenced for resisting an officer; when he had "done his time" he was again arrested on a trumped-up charge and sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years. In striking the officer he had struck the entire police force. Police officers, themselves, finding no one else upon whom they can vent their viciousness, with any plausible excuse, sometimes fall upon each other, tooth and nail and in bloody encounter, eyes are blacked, noses bloodied, teeth are knocked out and in a whirlwind of profanity the quarrel comes to an end. The chief, provided no one else sees them, grins in grim approval. Walter Besant once said: "Put me down for one conviction, stronger than any other, that there is no man that ever lived, no set of men that ever lived, that given power will not abuse that power." In the case of the police it is truth without a flaw. The officer of the law soon learns that everyone fears him and he glories in his power. He will pilfer bananas from our Italian friend, he will steal apples or peanuts from some poor woman as readily as he will, in the larger "graft" centers, take bribes from the owners of the prostitution dens or from the saloonkeeper who desires for the sake of profit to break some law, or from the "porch climber" who desires to practice his profession without molestation. Among the unemployed he strides like a Legree for he knows that they fear him more than any one else on earth.

IV. "BOOKED ON SUSPICION"

In the big "graft" cities, booking on suspicion is not so common as in the smaller metropolitan centers. Suppose you are walking along the streets of your city when you are suddenly confronted by a policeman who suspiciously regards every breath of air you draw as being laden with crimes. He snarls out in the tones of a wild beast:

"Where'd you cum from?" You must not feel at all insulted. Answer in the politest tones you can command for you are talking to a Monster who has no scruples whatever, who has back of him and *who knows* he has back of him the entire police force, every official of the state, and back of them the entire United States government.

As the cat plays with a mouse, does the policeman play with you. He does your thinking for you and decides your fate. Finally he howls: "Come on!" If in a metropolitan city he will telephone for the "wagon," if in a smaller city he will take you himself. It is useless to try and escape, you can then, at least, be sentenced for resisting an officer. The fact that you have important business to attend to or are trying to reach a train, stirs the venom of the officer and sometimes he will break into a fiendish grin.

Sometimes he will snarl in an outburst of conviction: "You are One-Eyed Murphy!" If you have two good eyes, the officer is frequently prejudiced against you and refuses to notice your optics. If you have just



TAKES BRIBES FROM PROSTITUTES FOR PROTECTION.

arrived in the city, he will coolly tell you that he has been watching you for the last three weeks. The officer knows far better than you about yourself. An argument with him can only result in your becoming angry which condition the officer is only too anxious to incite. He can tell your past, present and future and tell it with such conviction that there is no disputing him. All this time he will watch you closely, you are "under surveillance," every step you take, every swing of your arm he regards as an attempt to escape and you can see his jaws working, his eyes glittering

like a cobra, his muscles tense, ready to spring. God help you if you have but little money! You are in the hands of men who regard you as a poisonous reptile regards its prey. I know that to some readers this will seem absurd, to others exaggerated, but as to its truth only the thousands upon thousands, who are at the present moment rotting in prison cells, can testify. You are taken to the police station, your "record" looked into, if they can find nothing against you they hate you a thousand times worse than if you were guilty of some crime. If the mood takes the officers, they will "let you go," very reluctantly. Many times, however, even when *they know* you are not "wanted" for anything they will book you on suspicion. Here is a recent clipping:

JAIL YIELDS LOST MEN.

Seventy-six Prisoners Against Whom No Charges Are Filed in Kansas City.

[By direct wire to the Times.]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A census of the county jail, completed today under instructions of Judge Latchaw, shows seventy-six prisoners who had become lost to the world. There are absolutely no charges or informations on file against any of these men, twenty of whom have been in confinement from four to eight months.

One prisoner, Edward Wangaman of Pittsburgh, had been forgotten for thirteen months. Wangaman pleaded guilty to a minor charge thirteen months ago, but sentence was never imposed upon him. Wangaman says that Judge Wallace told him he would release him on parole if he would give bond. The prisoner had no friends.

Scarcely does a day pass but the daily press records such atrocious events as to make Russia seem a paradise of "law and order" compared to America. According to law, officers can arrest any one they choose "on suspicion," and they are not slow to take advantage of it, especially when the "suspect" looks as if he didn't have enough money to defend himself. I have heard it asserted that lawyers are in cahoots with the police and judges to plunder the victim of the police during the process of law, but I have been unable to find any evidence to base a strong statement upon the subject. But those who have given these subjects study, whatever their political belief, will come to the same conclusion, that our hellish system makes these officials a vital menace to the people they are supposed to protect. If a person has any respect for the law, whatever, these officials turn it into a hatred too deep for words to express. An official should at all times be quiet and undemonstrative. When an arrest is made, it can be done in a quiet way. When a person is placed in jail, the duties of a policeman should cease. Now, the reader may say that when an official abuses his power, we can "kick" about it to

the chief or to the police commission. So? The next time the police do you an injury, reader, go you, and make your "kick." Are you a person of influence? Got plenty of money? No? Then stay away. I have nothing more to say about it. But in conclusion, if the reader is arrested on any pretext whatever; fight the case with every point that can be raised. The police have arrested you preliminary to placing you behind the bars, as to their ability to do so, there can be no question.



Laborers of all crafts, you who toil so hard to create your poverty in producing the wealth of the capitalists, arise, arise! Since the buffoons of parliament unfurl the Rights of Man, do you boldly demand for yourselves, your wives and your children the Rights of the Horse?—Paul Lafargue in *The Right to be Lazy, and Other Studies*.

How Would You Bet?

WHAT ARE GOMPERS' ET AL. CHANCES OF WINNING OUT BEFORE THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, OR, HOW WOULD YOU BET ON THE DECISION?

BY W. B. RUBIN.

(Written while contemplating going to a theatrical performance, "The Hand-Writing on the Wall"—a remarkable coincidence.)



OMPERS, Mitchell and Morrison were convicted of contempt of court. We all know that. There is no use in telling anything which is old.

You are like everybody else, and why should you not be, for you, like everybody else, do not want to know what has happened, but what is going to happen.

If you could only know what would happen in the future you could make, to use the language of the gambler, "a bunch of money."

Most men are gamblers—they like to take a chance, but few can afford it. Few take a chance and are, therefore, left to sigh after the thing is over with and to console themselves with the thought, "Why did I not take the chance?" But there are chances and chances. Some are like cutting cards in a deck, that is, if the cards are honestly cut. You may get your hand on the first cut or you may have to wait until the cards have been cut a thousand or more times. But what has that to do with a court ruling? Not much! Except that in taking a chance as to what decision will be handed down by the Supreme Court, the problem is reduced to two chances—win or lose! From a betting man's standpoint it is an even gamble—that is, not what the decision will be, but the chance is a one to two shot.

Now, which will it be? If I told you now, you would not read the rest of my story, so I am going to prolong the anxiety by telling you how to figure it out, to give you a little "dope." You get "dope" on the exchange, why not get "dope" in this? You don't necessarily have to be a "bull" or a "bear" to figure out "dope." Just a plain injunction contemnor, past or prospective, to guess on the decision.

Before I proceed, let me impress on your mind and in "capital letters" that Judge Wright (you notice the spelling, "Wright," not "Right") is an honest man, and so is every blessed Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States an honest man from the Chief Justice down, and I don't use

the word "honest" in the sense in which did Mark Antony when referring to Brutus and to his tribe, "that he was an honorable man and so were they all honorable men," but I mean it in the unvarnished, unveneered and sincere way, that they are honest. Neither money nor advancement in position would anybody dare offer any of those judges to influence their decision, for if they did they might get the worst of it.

Yet, their decisions are adverse to labor from labor's viewpoint, and fair to labor from the Judges' viewpoint. And you fail to account for it and you are apt to reproach them with dishonest motives when there is not a scintilla of that in it.

But, reverting to the question, "Why then do they *soak* labor in their decisions, and why did Judge Wright hand Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison a "lemon" in the "Garden of Labor"?

Well, I will make it all clear to you, but to do it I will not tell you a story, but I will use an illustration. After that, it will be easy, it will dawn upon you. If it don't blame it all on me for not being translucent in my diction.

Did you ever play base ball? If not, did you ever see a game of base ball? If you never saw and never played a game, did you ever read about a game of base ball? If you have done either, then you know without my telling you, that each game has an umpire. I mean the kind of base ball they play for "keeps," like "capital" against "labor" is a game for "keeps." Now, you have heard or read or have seen an umpire criticised most unmercifully, called a "thief," a "crook," and charged with every bad motive under Heaven's sun. Do you think the umpire dishonest? Not a bit of it. You can bet your royal boots that a real dishonest umpire, that is one who would sell himself for money or advancement, is as rare as the proverbial "hen's teeth" or a Tammany man in Bryan's camp after election.

But honest as the umpire is, you will always finds each umpire has a certain leaning in a particular direction, and why is it? You notice I always ask the question, "Why is it?" For that is the only way to get down to the bottom of this thing. Why is it? I will tell you. Every umpire is an ex-ball player. Now, having been a ball player, he either was in his day a ball player, a pitcher, a catcher or a good batter, or a fast base runner, or something like that. All umpires have to be ex-base ball players. That is, there is nothing in the United States or any state constitution that says he must be an ex-ball player, but in order to be umpire and know all the technical sides of ball playing, and there is a whole lot of it, he should be an ex-ball player. He is expected to have been a ball player, and therefore, he is the most desirable, but what has that to do with the leanings in a particular direction?

Well, there are many times in a game, and seldom is there a game without it, that call for a close decision, that require considerable sound discretion, particularly when the score is about even. Well, then, did you ever notice that the umpire who has been a pitcher in his day will always give the pitcher the "shade" of things, and if he has been a good batter in his day, anxious for a three hundred per cent average, and there is a close call between a strike or a ball and foul or a fair ball, he will favor the batter? If he has been a speedy base runner with a record for stealing bases, and things look any way favorable, he will give the decision to the base runner.

Now, he does it unconsciously; and yet is he really non-partisan, is he really fair? The game often turns on the decision of the umpire and the psychology of it is, "What position did the umpire play before he became an umpire?" and you at once solve the reason for his decision.

Comparing umpires with judges, may not always be altogether dignified, but the comparison holds good.

What side of a case was Judge Wright on usually, before he ascended to the bench?

What side of cases were all the judges usually and ordinarily on—you notice I use a legal phrase—from the Chief Justice down, before they took the robe of office, and you will with reasonable certainty—that is also a legal phrase—be able to tell to which side they will have an unconscious leaning.

Now, is the Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison case a close case? Is there such a question involved, on which honest men with minds trained differently, can honestly differ—let us see?

They have been convicted of contempt of court for violating an injunction that forbids boycotting. Sammy and Johnny and Frankie, let us call them by their given names, for they are all of our toil and sinew, say they did not boycott. "Not because we believe that that which enjoins us from boycotting is good law, for did not our Boston forefathers boycott? But we did not boycott because the injunction says we shall not boycott—we knew if we did boycott we would go to jail, and we do not like jail. But what we did do was to exercise our rights of free speech and free press," and in Demosthenes fashion read the evidence.

Article I of the amendments to the United States Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

Now what say you men of the ermine to that?

Well, let us see. Always see, no matter which way you look, right

or wrong, forward or backward—but see. There is no hope for the man who won't see. There may be hope of the man who does see, for you can get him to see the right way some times.

It is true that Article I permits free speech and free press, but what does that mean?

You will notice that courts always construe things and you will also notice that by examining the language of most of our state constitutions, you will find that they usually run like this, and this is taken verbatim from the Wisconsin constitution:

Section 3, Article 1, reads: "Every person may freely speak, write or publish his sentiments, on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." But what has that to do with the Federal Constitution, there is no such provision in that—but there's the rub.

A wise and learned judge, and all judges are wise and learned, interpreted the Federal Constitution, that is that article pertaining to free speech and the press, to mean that a person is entitled to free speech and to free press so long as he does not abuse it, and the clause which the state constitutions usually have, "responsible for the abuse of that right," is merely surplusage, it does not have to be that because courts would interpret it to mean that without that, and that a judicial interpretation will of itself put that clause into the constitution, the same as though it was actually put there by our constitutional forefathers.

Now, Sammy and Johnny and Frankie, will the court say that in retaliating against Buck Range Van Cleave for blacklisting your men by telling him, "We will not patronize you," you have abused the constitutional right of free speech and free press?

I have got the Q. E. D. all ready, but I have not yet the answer. What do you think the answer will be?

Well, having it all doped out, how will you bet; if you have a chance to bet on the probable result of that decision, that is, after you have paid your rent, grocery and butcher bills, and have bought yourself a couple of drinks and have a dollar left in your pocket with which you are somewhat reckless, how will you bet on the outcome of that decision?





Industrial Unionism and the General Strike. Last month in our International Notes we explained some of the causes leading up to the strike of the government employees at Paris. The strike was a success; particulars are given on another page. Of the present situation in France the Chicago Tribune's dispatch of April 18 says:

Revolutions do not announce themselves as a rule, so the wide circulation of the report that general strikes would be ordered by May 1 may be accepted as a guarantee that none will take place then. It takes time to organize a movement as vast as that contemplated by the Confederation Generale de Travail.

But what is preparing for the future? There has grown up in France an authority which looms as large as that of the government itself—labor unions, and their powers, already developed beyond anything known in America, are now immensely augmented by consolidation with civil service unions.

* * * * *

Now we have the spectacle in France of the entire public service down to prison wardens, who publicly promise to open the cells of any brothers committed to their charge, in the hands of organizations which are planning a universal strike and demanding the overthrow of the present parliamentary system. This can be described only as anarchy. At present it is a well behaved anarchy. It is well behaved because the labor leaders believe—so easy has been their success thus far—that the revolution will be of little violence when the moment comes.

All this is welcome and inspiring news to American socialists. But if we misunderstand it, we may do a lot of senseless floundering before we get our bearings. And the key to an understanding of the labor situation in France is right here. The Confederation Generale du Travail (General Federation of Labor) is a great combination of local unions of laborers, all drawn together by the economic, practical, every-day conditions, needs and problems that they have had to face. Starting from facts rather than theories, dealing with these facts as necessity rather than ideas of justice and goodness dictated, pushed along by capitalist concentration and the ever-growing intensity of the class struggle, this great labor organization has become the real revolutionary force in France. In its ranks, the socialists are the conservatives, the right wing. Yet the party socialists now stand loyally

by the Confederation in its fight against capitalists and the capitalist government. It is particularly gratifying to see that our Paris daily, *l'Humanité*, edited by Jean Jaurès, an "intellectual," came out squarely for the Confederation while the last fight was on. Things may be doing soon in France. But now let us turn to our own country. Local Alameda County, California, of the Socialist Party of America, lately adopted in mass meeting the following recommendations:

FIRST: To start, as soon as expedient, the education and propagation (not only among the organized working class but also among the unorganized) in favor of a complete industrial federation of all separate trade unions into one solid phalanx, for the sole purpose and ultimate aim, to be able to call a general national, and, if expedient, an international strike of all the workers in order to emancipate themselves from wage slavery;

SECONDLY: That such education and propagation shall be carried on alternately and unceasingly by such methods as the issuances of manifestos, pamphlets, street demonstrations and meetings, until the final aim has been achieved;

THIRDLY: Hand in hand in conjunction with the above, a vigorous and well directed anti-military agitation shall be carried on by the same means;

FOURTHLY: These resolutions shall be forwarded to the entire press of the Socialist party, as well as all of the State and National secretaries, with the end in view that the next National convention of the Socialist party shall take the same under consideration for final adoption, as the most expedient means in connection with the ballot of overthrowing capitalism.

The *Review* is in complete sympathy with the aims of the Alameda County comrades, but we believe their resolutions contain a fatal defect, which we regret all the more deeply because it gives opportunists and trimmers a chance to sneer at us as "Utopian impossibilists." The defect is here: the "sole purpose and ultimate aim" of a great labor organization composed of millions of men, and including, as such an organization should include, all the laborers in every workshop into which it penetrates, can not in the nature of things be anything so far off as a general strike to abolish wage slavery. One of its purposes, and a very important purpose, must be to do the things that the old trade unions are now trying to do. They try to keep wages up. Sometimes they fail but sometimes they succeed. They try to shorten hours, with some successes and some failures. They are a survival from a generation ago, when they had to deal with small competing employers, whom they sometimes played against each other. Now it is the employers, consolidated into immense corporations, that play the unions against each other. The unions must consolidate in some efficient way, or they will be helpless under the feet of the trusts. If we let the union men alone, their stomachs

will bring them to the correct course of action in time. If we point out the immediate material benefits of consolidation, we may possibly help it along a little. But if we were to go to the average union man and urge him to merge his union, which has been of some practical benefit to him, into a national or international organization whose "sole purpose" should be the calling of a universal strike to abolish wage slavery, he might think we were simply fools, or he might think we were dangerous enemies of unions, but he certainly would not be carried away with enthusiasm for our proposition.

By all means let us carry on a propaganda for industrial unionism, but let it be on practical grounds. Let us keep our feet on solid earth and cross no bridges till we come to them. The general strike may be the method by which capitalism is to be overthrown, but the first condition for a general strike is a thoroughly organized working class. First let us do what France has done; then we shall be in a position to talk intelligently about a general strike.

Workingmen and the Police. In this month's *Review* we start a brief series of brief sketches by Arthur Scales, telling of facts that are perfectly familiar to workingmen who have been "down and out," perfectly familiar likewise to city editors. Some of these horrors creep into the capitalist papers nearly every day; there are so many that it would be hard to suppress them all; besides they make good reading and they can be and are skillfully doctored so that their real meaning is not apparent. But the truth is that the man without money is at the mercy of the police, brutality on the part of a policeman is a help rather than a bar to his advancement, and many of the police stations, jails and prisons of the United States are chambers of horrors. All this is to the advantage of the capitalist. The more thoroughly workingmen are terrorized, the readier they will be to accept a job at starvation wages, and the greater will be their respect for injunctions. Policemen, jailers, legislators and judges naturally act for the interests of the capitalists from whom their salaries come. Meanwhile the workingmen, except such of them as have had personal experience with the police, have been apparently indifferent on the subject. But the increasing flood of injunctions against unions is one clear sign that the workingman who is proud of never having been arrested may soon develop a personal interest in the way the police department is run. We organized socialists thus far have displayed little more intelligence on the subject than other laborers, and when we have it has been because, as in Los Angeles, our meetings were suppressed. But it is time we did something. And the weak spot in the armor of this system of oppression is the jury. In some states (Illinois is one) no

one can be legally sent to prison without a jury trial unless he waives it in writing. Hundreds of workingmen every week sign these waivers at the request of officials without knowing what they are signing. The socialist party and the labor unions should stand back of the man who is "down and out," at least to the extent of keeping him informed that he is entitled to a jury trial if he wants one. Then any workingman who is drawn on a jury should bear in mind that under the constitution of the United States he is the judge of the law as well as of the facts. Juries were an important weapon of defense for the rising capitalist class in England against the feudal lords. They may prove qually valuable to the modern working class.

"Unions Protect Wealth." This heading is given by the *Chronicle*, apparently the organ of the Central Labor Council of Cincinnati, to its report of a speech recently delivered by Warren E. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at a banquet of the Economic Club of New York. A few gems of thought from this speech deserve a wider reading, and we reproduce them:

"There is no necessary strife between capital and labor; neither is there any fundamental strife between the capitalist and the laborer."

* * * * *

"I recognize the fact that capital has rights as well as labor."

* * * * *

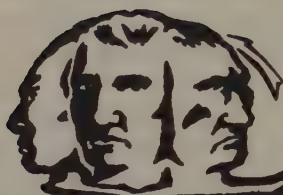
"But," some cry, "the laboring man wants all our money." Nothing further from the truth."

* * * * *

"Many have the idea that Organized Labor is opposed to the injunction law. This is not correct. It is the abuse of the injunction law that we are opposed to. If properly used, the injunction law is useful and perhaps necessary.

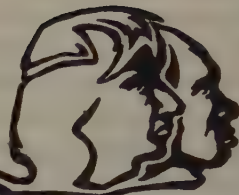
"Gentlemen, all that stands between you and your wealth and the wave of anarchy that would sweep over you is the conservative labor unions. Destroy them and the days of the commune will be lived over again."

Every locomotive engineer is in a position to preserve or to wreck so much valuable property that it would be an act of crazy folly for a railroad manager to put any but a well equipped and well paid man in charge. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Stone should have uttered these sentiments, but it does seem a trifle surprising that the *Chronicle* should have reproduced them approvingly. There are plenty of union men wholly unfamiliar with socialism to whom each of Mr. Stone's sentences is a joke. Under present conditions, a working man whose head is in a healthy condition wants all the money he can get. His conscience does not trouble him in the least about the "rights" of the capitalist. He is opposed to injunctions for the very good reason that they are an obstacle to his getting lower wages and shorter hours. Such men are on the increase, for the fatuous capitalists, regardless of Mr. Stone's really intelligent advice, continue in their onslaught on the conservative labor unions. Meanwhile let us push the work of organization, that when the Commune comes it may come to stay.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

WILLIAM E. BOHN



FRANCE. A Revolutionary Victory. The great strike of French Post Office employes came to a triumphant conclusion on March. 23. From a number of points of view this was one of the most significant of industrial battles. For more than a week, and under the most trying circumstances, the striking workers stood squarely against the authority of the state. It will be remembered that M. Simyan, Under-Secretary of Post and Telegraph, had instituted a purely personal regime: he promoted those who served his interests and discharged everyone who had the courage to protest. At first M. Clemenceau's government boldly supported M. Simyan. The Chamber of Deputies, which is supposed to represent the people, backed up the Prime Minister. This might appear enough to frighten a few thousand strikers. But this once the proletariat did not beg and wheedle; it used its power, tied up the capital city, and inside of three days had the ministry at its mercy. M. Simyan was afraid to attend the sessions at which his activities were discussed. His colleagues took matters out of his hands and he was finally forced to resign.

All the time both antagonists, and the public at large, were perfectly conscious of the revolutionary character of these proceedings. The government organs represented the strike as an affront to the entire nation, an attempt of a small minority to intimidate the majority. From all parts of the country, however, came assurances that the working-class was not deceived, that they distinguished

between the political government and the nation.

All of this, naturally, has done much to clarify the public view as to the function of the political state. If ever anyone in France believed that state ownership is an approach to socialism, he has now little excuse left for his belief. The state has less reason to oppress and underpay its employes than a private concern. For the one thing, it has no competition. But in spite of this fact it is often one of the most tyrannous employers of labor. This the French have now seen re-emphasized. The socialist journals have had opportunity to show that the government is part of the capitalist system just as much as the factory.

The immediate results of the victory are considerable. The government sees now that there is little use in denying its employes the right to organize. If they can strike so effectively without a labor union, what harm could the union do? And the movement toward joining The Confederation General de Travail is not limited to post office employes. School teachers and railway employes are also taking courage to assert themselves.

But the final result of the victory is a moral one. Nearly all the great strikes of recent times had been failures. The spirit which once animated the labor union appeared to be waning. At least the old tactics and the old attitude had little to hope for. But this strike was animated by a new spirit. It was consciously revolutionary. It is on this account that the result of it is a matter

of international importance. Already it has inspired the comrades in England to lay renewed stress on the strike as the chief weapon of the proletariat. If the old unionism has failed the new gives promise of brilliant success.

* * *

ENGLAND. As Others See Us. Some months ago came the announcement of the Anti-Socialist Union. Among the members of the new organization were clergymen, college professors, M. P.'s and a liberal sprinkling of dukes and earls. The purpose of these high-minded gentlemen is to train speakers and furnish literature for a campaign against their common enemy. "Behold," they said to the world, "these pestiferous socialists do speak and write and wax mighty every day. And we, out of pure negligence, have overlooked the duty of crushing them."

Well, this new union has now begun to put in its work, and we have had time to size up our new opponent. On Feb. 1, appeared the initial number of the Anti-Socialist, and since then copies of the March and April issues have had time to cross the water. In general, I should say, the stuff here set forth is better written, sounds more like reason, than Ex-President's Roosevelt's recent articles, but in their essential nature they are the same. All the familiar arguments are revamped—free love, state-tyranny, the destruction of personal initiative, etc.

There is a curious inconsistency in the positions taken by the editors and contributors. In their declaration of principles they seem to take socialism with the utmost seriousness. The leading editorial of the first issue is solemn as a declaration of war.

After speaking of Socialist divisions and disagreements, the editor goes on: "All this would tend to show that Socialism in this country is on the point of breaking up; and undoubtedly the La-

bor Party is in a difficult position. But a word of caution is necessary to restrain the optimists who are continually announcing the destruction of socialism, and are as often confounded by its resurrection. We must not attach too much importance to Socialist quarrels. The socialists have been quarreling incessantly for twenty years, and the more they have quarreled, the more the movement has prospered. Socialism is one of those organisms which propagate themselves by fissure. The reason for this growth is not hard to find. The power of the socialist movement does not depend on the strength of its parties. It is the outcome of great social forces. Thus the socialism which the Anti-Socialist aims to seek out, to combat and to destroy, is no mere extravagant creed held by a small section of peculiar people, but a system and a force which has penetrated national and municipal politics in every direction." In another paragraph appears this striking sentence: "The struggle of the near future will be between the pro-socialists and the anti-socialists."

After reading this one turns with some curiosity to see how the antis are going to overcome the "great social forces." And I must confess to some surprise to find that their main weapon is undisguised blackguardism. In cartoons, stories and club-footed "poems," the socialists are represented as a lot of fakirs playing a confidence game on the innocent workingmen. And the benevolent clergymen, dukes and earls try with rather patently assumed high-mindedness to play the part of disinterested good Samaritans.

* * *

Parliamentarianism in the Balance. Last month I mentioned the fact that after the Portsmouth conference there was a notable increase in the class-consciousness of the members of the Labor group in the House of Commons. Not

only has this continued, but recent issues of the *Clarion* are filled with apologies and explanations evidently designed for discontented constituents.

In the issue for March 5, J. R. Clyne wrote on *What Use Am I in Parliament*. He confesses that the reforms achieved are small, but maintains that he and his colleagues have done their best. On March 12, James O'Grady explained that he is discontented with the government and that, in his opinion, much of the criticism directed at the Labor group has been "too carping." On March 19, George J. Wardle showed in detail how parliamentary action has improved the condition of the railway men.

On the other hand the critics of Laborism are more and more losing faith in the present form of parliamentary action. Mr. H. Russell Smart, an I. L. pleader, proposes that parliamentary representatives be made constantly responsible to the party. He says, "The party should formulate its own policy which the M. P.'s should carry into effective action." He proposes a standing committee to call to account the Laborites who "get the spirit of the House." In the meantime Comrade H. M. Hyndman tends more and more to pin his faith to industrial organization. In a recent number of *Justice* he instances the Paris strike as proof of the fact that under our present complex form of social organization even a small number of workers have in their hands a tremendous weapon. Just at the moment when parliamentarianism seems to be failing, when M. P.'s receive small favors with effusive thanks, a body of determined workers depending on industrial force rather than good manners get what they demand in a course of a very few days. Why not, he asks, depend on this sort of action as the mainspring of the revolution? He feels sure it would achieve more than "parliamentary pottering."

ITALY. Election. Italian Socialism has just had another opportunity to take stock in its strength. The general election of deputies took place on March 7, and the second election about a week later. Of course our Italian comrades expected an increased vote. Since the first socialist was sent up to parliament in 1882, the number has steadily increased; in 1904 it reached 26. The increase in the number of voters has been even more striking, it grew from 27,000 in 1892 to 326,016 in 1904. It must be understood that in second elections all other parties unite against socialists. On this account the number of the socialist deputies is not a true index to the socialist strength. In 1904, for example, the socialists cast 21 per cent of the vote and elected 5 per cent of the deputies. But even under this disadvantage the Italian party has steadily increased its representation.

Hardly anyone, however, was prepared for the brilliant victory of last month. From 26 the number of deputies grew to 42. An especially striking feature of the returns is the showing made in rural districts and cities where our propaganda has hitherto made little progress.

Certain other features of the election are not lacking in interest. All the groups of the extreme right and left were strengthened. On the left the Republicans now have 23 deputies instead of 18, the Radicals 44 instead of 31. The entire group at the right now controls 109 votes, whereas in the election of 1904 it secured possession of only 74. On the other hand the representation of the clericals increased from 7 to 24.

The meaning of all this is plain. The losses were sustained by the center, which supports the present ministry. Thus the fight between the socialists and the Roman church becomes clearer cut. This, of course, is a highly desirable state of affairs.

It is worth remembering, too, that the

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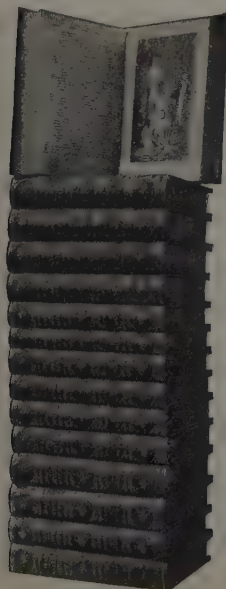
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conflict between the socialists and the anarchistic labor unions was the real obstacle in the way of success at this election. But it was overcome, and the result shows that the proletariat is in a healthy state of development. Nowhere are the workers more steadily gravitating toward socialism than in Italy.

* * *

HOLLAND. Marxists and Revisionists. The conflict of opinion in the Dutch Social Democratic party is more serious than most of us had supposed. It is true that the special convention which I mentioned last month made an attempt to keep the two wings of the movement together. A plan was perfected, it will be remembered, whereby Marxists are to carry on their propaganda through a supplement to the official party paper. This plan was doomed at the start to partial failure. It immediately aroused suspicion in the minds of those on the extreme left. They could see in it nothing but a plan to put them quietly to sleep. Others of the same group were willing to try the experiment, to remain within the party and do their utmost to bring the majority over to their opinion. So the Marxists themselves split on the question of tactics. Some four or five hundred left the Social Democrat party and founded a new organization. The outcome of it all depends on the policy of the Revisionist majority. If they press their advantage, they may drive the remaining Marxists into the new camp. On the other hand, if they allow free expression of opinion within the old party, they may win back the malcontents.

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WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

Readers may have noticed in dispatches from Washington that President Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor recently held a conference with President Taft, in which the union officials endeavored to secure some expression favorable to the demands that are being made by labor organizations for remedial legislation, such as curbing the powers of the courts in issuing injunctions during strikes, amending the Sherman anti-trust law to prevent unionists from being held liable for damages for boycotting unfair concerns, to extend the eight-hour day, etc. Taft was very uncommunicative, merely uttering the stereotyped politician's phrase of giving the subjects his "earnest consideration," and also hinted that he would not recede from his well known views on injunctions.

Gompers seems to have done pretty much all the talking. He said that, since the United States Supreme Court decision in the now celebrated hatters' case, 75 union men at New Orleans have been indicted because they refused to load an unfair steamboat. "Under a further interpretation of that decision," said Gompers, "labor unions can be dissolved by any move on the part of the federal government. Men can be arrested, indicted and sentenced to a year in prison and a fine of \$5,000. Officers and members of the union also can be proceeded against civilly and threefold damages can be assessed against them in any amount that may be complained of by any person claiming to have suffered by reason of men quitting work or withholding their patronage."

This is certainly a remarkable admission coming from Gompers. It is only a few years ago that Socialists who were delegates in A. F. of L. conventions, predicating their views on the Debs case and other decisions and acts of the courts, and observing the centralization of capital and consequent increase of power of the employing class, voiced their alarm and appealed for political action along working class lines to stem the tide of plutocratic encroachments. What satisfaction did those few delegates receive? Oh, they were ridiculed as "calamity howlers," "rainbow chasers," "soapbox artists," and the like, and the valiant Sam'l was in the forefront in the game of making chopping blocks of the little crowd of "reds." Those were joyous days, but it is amusing to go over the convention proceedings and compare notes in the light of recent occurrences and contrast Sam's speeches then and his appeal to Taft now! Sam has turned "calamity howler" himself, but he can't overcome his old habit of asking the enemies of the working class to help that class. And I doubt whether he ever will.

From all appearances the struggle between the United Hatters and the Hat Manufacturers' Association will be a long, hard battle. The masters made a desperate attempt to injunction the strike out of existence in New Jersey, but have so far failed, and now some of them have settled back upon the old policy of starving the workers into submission. But they are likely to be disappointed in playing that game, too. Al-

though not over 10 per cent. of the union hatters are employed and upward of 20,000 workers are out, many of whom must depend upon strike benefits to sustain themselves and families, the men and women are displaying rare fortitude, self-denial and all-around heroism. In all this good-sized army less than a hundred turned traitor up to the first of this month, and some of those were undoubtedly secret agents of the manufacturers and paid through some of the thug and spying agencies to betray their fellows.

The Hat Manufacturers' Association played a rare joke on itself by posting notices in its establishments reading: "This is an Open Shop," when as a matter of fact nearly all the shops are closed, locked tight, as it is impossible to obtain competent strike-breakers to man them. If the unionists can secure sufficient funds to supply their most needy members with the ordinary necessities of life they will force some of the smaller and weaker manufacturers to yield soon or go into bankruptcy, and perhaps be swallowed up by their larger competitors. The union is establishing commissary departments at principal points, and the A. F. of L. and various international unions as well as those hatters employed are endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to operate the supply agencies. This would be an opportune time for the national committee of the Socialist party to send out a call for contributions from the members to assist the hatters in their gallant struggle. The S. P. has demonstrated in a number of instances of this kind that it is not a mere resolution-passing organization that is ready to hand out a car-load of sympathy that costs nothing, but that it can dig up a respectable sum of money that is of practical assistance. I trust that the first national official of the S. P. who reads this will put the necessary motion before the house.

The fierce contest on the great lakes, which was forecasted in the *Review* as long ago as last fall, is now being waged with bitter determination by both sides. There is no sign of compromise, and it seems to have become a life and death struggle between the organizations of the capitalists and the working people. Every effort was made by the officials of the various unions to come to some sort of agreement with the vessel owners, but all their overtures were scorned by the Lake Carriers' Association, the combine which controls the bulk of marine transportation. Indeed, even the most courteous communications emanating from the unions interested were contemptuously thrown into the waste basket and committees from the men were permitted to kick their heels together in ante-rooms and forced to depart without receiving an audience from the industrial pirates in control of the inland seas.

The publicity agents of the Lake Carriers' Association have been loud in their protestations that no wage reductions are contemplated. Only the "tyranny of the trade unions" was to be resisted and the open shop established in order that business could be conducted in a profitable manner. To show that they have an undying affection for the workingman the vessel owners have started a "welfare plan," modeled somewhat after the soap-and-towel arrangements that prevail in a number of institutions that have received thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising from cheap-skate reformers and addle-pated philanthropists. Club rooms have been established in all of the principal ports, where the workers may assemble, after having signed away their rights to organize and stand with their fellow-workers, and wait for the slave-owners or ship-owners to come along and pick out the strongest and permit them to work. Did you ever hear of a Southern "nigger" who was

compelled to wait for a master to put him to work?

If an able seaman is killed in the performance of the duties assigned him, his heirs or beneficiaries receive the munificent sum of \$75, just about sufficient to bury him and keep his body out of potter's field. If a ship sinks and the aforesaid able seaman escapes and loses all his belongings he is given \$15 with which to cover his losses. At the same time the employes pay 8 1-3 cents per month and upward for these wonderful benefits. It is calculated by expert mathematicians that the assessments levied upon the men will not only cover all losses sustained during the year, but pay a handsome profit besides to the modern slave-drivers.

The leader in the movement to destroy the marine organizations is the Pittsburgh Steamship Co., a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, the Pickands-Mather Co., controlled by Sam Mather, a great Cleveland charity worker; the Hanna interests, accumulated by the late Senator Hanna, and numerous other similar concerns, the gents controlling which are nearly all leading lights in the National Civic Federation. (See "Sissy" Easley's roster of celebrities, also the annual banquet pictures printed in the N. C. T. Review.) Just how many more million words will have to be "spieled" in the National Civic Federation conventions or photographs taken of great labor leaders and capitalistic brothers cheek by jowl before the lion and the lamb will lie down together is a little puzzle that has got pigs in clover skinned a block.

The peculiar thing about this struggle on the lakes—and yet not strange when one applies Socialist philosophy—is that a large number of vessel owners, the smaller variety, are not in favor of making an open shop war upon the organized workers. They want peace, but dare not assert themselves for fear of being smashed

by the big fellows. One of them said to me: "The United States Steel Corporation and its consorts tell us what the rates shall be, what tonnage we shall carry, when the navigation season is to open and close, what wages we shall pay, and now that we shall fight the unions and be put to further expense. Last season I lost several thousand dollars, and from the looks of things this year I will be bankrupted and forced down and out."

The truth of the matter is that those gentlemen cut-throats in control of the steel trust are not only aiming to dominate in iron and steel production, but in transportation as well, and they bid fair to accomplish their purpose. Behind it all is the Standard Oil crowd, who have been rapidly absorbing the cream of the present industrial system during the depression in which the country has been rolling like a water-logged ship going on two years. They have accumulated millions upon millions of securities and now seem to be the absolute masters of American industry. What'n hell the middle class capitalists, who are hanging on by an eyelash are going to do to save their bacon is an enigma. As for the workers, well, they always did work and will continue to work, for, luckily, the plutocrats refuse to exert themselves in that direction, and so it merely becomes a question as to whether jobs will be held under a condition of benevolent feudalism or outright slavery. The ballot? The plutes laugh at it. So do great labor leaders, including those embroiled in the present contest on the lakes.

The labor organizations that have union labels held a conference in Washington during the past month and formed a Union Label Trades Department, A. F. of L. Efforts will be made to popularize union label products controlled by friendly capitalists and in a measure offset the victories gained by the

National Association of Manufacturers in the courts in having the latter declare that the boycotting of unfair concerns is unlawful. It's an uphill struggle, especially in the trustified trades. It is impossible, at this stage of our industrial development, to make the slightest impression on the combines in control of the railways, mines, iron and steel, oil, sugar, meats, etc. It is a losing fight in many trades, a standoff in others, and a chance to win in a few. The United Hatters, perhaps the strongest of the label trades from the standpoint of workers organized, are now engaged in a fight for the life of their union and may be classified in the list that has a fair chance to win out, provided that sacrifices are made by other unionists to assist them.

Every Socialist and sympathizer will go along with the label trades and, Micawber-like, wait for something to turn up and help those who are on the firing-line to battle against the crushing forces of capitalism, hoping that the workers will become fully aroused to the fact that a victory today is only temporary, because with the piling up of millions annually by the great captains of industry the power to smash unionism becomes correspondingly greater.

Mention was made in last month's Review that the Manitoba Court of Appeals had rendered a decision mulcting the Plumbers' Union for \$25,000 damages because those unionists picketed an unfair plant. Now a sequel must be chronicled. The same court has rendered a second

decision. This time the molders, machinists and blacksmiths are hit. They have been assessed damages aggregating \$50,000 and restrained by a permanent injunction from picketing and boycotting an unfair establishment. It need hardly be stated that our Canadian brethren are in a state of consternation. Possessing no political power to enact the necessary legislation to undo the damage done by the court, the Canadian unionists can do nothing under the circumstances but appeal the two cases, which is being generally advocated. According to advices from across the border the decisions have spurred the members to consider political action in earnest and some good may come out of legal sandbagging.

Some of the green glass bottle blowers' locals have started a movement to bring about the amalgamation between their international union and the flint-glass workers. The latter are perfectly willing to combine the two organizations. Strange as it may seem, President D. A. Hayes, of the "greens," who is also a vice-president of the A. F. of L., is strenuously opposing the move. Hayes merely wants the jobs now held by the "flints," as machinery is rapidly throwing the "greens" out of work.

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LITERATURE ART

BY JOHN SPARGO

In his latest volume, *Vital Problems in Social Evolution*, Arthur Morrow Lewis brings together much useful information and stimulating thought. One feels after reading the book that the "Garrrick Lectures" which Lewis has been delivering with so much success must be counted among the most valuable educational agencies of American Socialism today. With all the limitations inseparable from the popular lecture platform, the work Lewis is doing attains a level of excellence to which all our speakers might with advantage aspire.

The little volume opens with a chapter or lecture, on the materialistic conception of history. Within the compass of less than twenty pages the author gives a lucid and fairly satisfactory statement of the great theory which is by far the most important contribution of Marx to modern thought. He passes in rapid survey the various objections which have been made to the name of the theory, but is hardly successful, I think, in his treatment of the preference of those who prefer the word "economic" to the word "materialistic" used by Marx and Engels. When he says that "The main difficulty is that 'economic' does not properly include climate, soil, coal and ore deposits, and other forms of natural wealth" one wonders just what sort of a definition of "economic" he would have to give in order to justify that objection. He might with great advantage turn to Marx for a definition which includes all the factors named

quite as well as the term "materialistic" does.

The fact is that friend Lewis leans too closely upon Professor Seligman's useful, but very superficial little work, *The Economic Interpretation of History*. He repeats, for example, the crude error of Professor Seligman regarding Aristotle. It is true that a political interpretation of history may be based upon some of the sayings of the great Stagirate, but no one who really knows his Aristotle would contend that Aristotle did not see the force of economic factors at least as clearly as Buckle. As a matter of fact, Aristotle is much closer to Marx than Buckle. Leaving the *Economics* out of consideration, since these two books are almost certainly not the work of Aristotle himself, and confining our attention to the *Politics*, it would be easy to quote a score of passages to support this claim. For example in *Pol.* 1. 8., Aristotle points out that the food of animals determines their habits, as gregarious or solitary, and that men's lives likewise differ in various stages of economic development. Thus, in the pastoral, the hunting and fishing, and the agricultural stages, a different kind of life grows out of the different economic conditions.

Again, in *Pol.* VI. 4, he groups the different types of democracy according to economic conditions. A pastoral democracy he regards as being less stable than an agricultural, because in the pastoral state there is more leisure for po-

litical interests. An industrial population, living in a city, develops the most extreme form of democracy—a remarkably close approach to the Marxian concept. If it was remarkable for Marx to predict that the German revolutionary awakening depended upon the crowing of the Gallic cock, the development of an industrial proletariat in France, how much more remarkable Aristotle's prediction that nothing but the development of mechanical production could destroy chattel slavery.

The second lecture bears the title "The Social Revolution" and is one of the best things in the volume. He makes it quite clear that mere insurrections and similar social disturbances are not revolutions in the sense in which modern Socialists use the word. A social revolution is a result, not a method of attaining it. This is so important that for the clarity and force with which he points it out we can readily forgive a tendency which he shares in common with many of our comrades to exaggerate the importance of the theory of evolution by mutation which we owe to De Vries.

This theory of evolution of mutation is bringing to our movement a very wholesome note. We have fallen into the rather vicious and enervating habit of regarding social evolution as a growth which proceeds with geologic slowness, and, so long as we do not swing to the other extreme, it will be well if we learn from De Vries to regard the process as one which is by no means so protracted. Marx himself, it may be remarked, was constantly baffled by these conflicting views of the historical process. At one moment, in 1852, we find him telling his followers, who wanted to fix the date for the social revolution, that it would take them fifty years to make themselves "worthy of political power." At other times, in his letters to his friend Kugelman, for example, he speaks of the revolution as being immanent almost.

Because it has been apparently proven that at a jump, so to speak, new species are formed; that one kind of primrose produces primroses of an entirely distinct type, some of our friends are seeking to rehabilitate the old Utopian notion of a sudden transformation of society. Thus they push analogies to absurd limits. They forget that because, according to the mutation theory, new species are developed at a single bound, the old species are not destroyed; they forget, too, that there is an enormous difference between the mutation of a single member of the plant kingdom and that of the whole kingdom. A closer analogy would be that as single species are thus produced by mutation, so there may be mutations in phases of social life, as, for example, the sudden change from absolutism to constitutionalism in government. But that is still a far cry from the sudden transformation of the whole social structure.

Passing over the lectures, "The Socialist Theory of Panics" and "The Paris Commune" without comment, save to say that neither contains anything that is new or unhackneyed, and coming to that devoted to a criticism of Bishop Spalding's *Economic Errors*, I cannot resist the conviction that Lewis spends too much of his valuable gift with little or no discretion. He uses his big cannon to shoot poor little butterflies! To criticise the good Bishop of Peoria in an occasional address, or in a newspaper or magazine review, would be well enough, perhaps, but it was surely not worth while giving the permanence and dignity of book publication to it.

Much more worth while is the chapter, or lecture, devoted to "The American Revolution and Thomas Paine." In some ways it is the most discriminating chapter in the book, marked by deeper critical insight and a broader vision. Paine is evidently one of our author's heroes

and he is not at all apologetic for his enthusiasm. The sketch of his life is sympathetic and marked by a broad charity that is altogether lacking in the case of his treatment of Proudhon, to whom he does less than justice. Strangely enough, Lewis does not mention the fact that Paine was the first to propose a definite scheme for old age pensions, indeed, he slurs over altogether Paine's interest in social reforms. Still, for all that, there is much in the brief chapter on Paine which will repay the Socialist reader.

Two chapters on Engels' famous polemic against Eugene Dühring, and one on "Value and Surplus Value" should be useful as an introduction to the study of the writings of Engels and Marx. Just as Kautsky has well said that the young student should read Engels before trying to understand Marx, it might be added by way of postscript, and read Chapters 7, 8 and 9 of Lewis's *Vital Problems in Social Evolution* before trying Engels. Lewis is not a profound scholar or thinker, and has the good sense to recognize the fact. He possesses a talent for popularizing rather abstruse subjects, combining great lucidity with condensation, and that is a gift of no trifling value.

But this gift which is his strongest point is also his greatest weakness. When he seizes upon some work and decides to popularize it for his audience, he is extremely liable to accept as final and decisive the most *ex parte* statements, and, as an inevitable result of his condensed method, to reproduce their warped and biased features in an exaggerated form. That is evidently the case in the lecture, "The Fallacies of Proudhon," with which the volume closes. The wisdom of flogging such a "dead horse" as Proudhon's "Philosophie de la Misere," after more than sixty years, is not quite obvious.

In any case, there can hardly be much

use in taking such a book as Marx's famous polemic against him as the sole basis of a critique of Proudhon. Marx, who had only two short years before the appearance of his fierce onslaught upon the French writer defended him against the attacks of some of his personal friends, was, when he penned that polemic, seeking an excuse to put forward his newly formulated views. He seized upon Proudhon's book as affording him the needed opportunity, and strained every possible point to serve his purpose. Quite often, it is apparent, he attacks the forms in which Proudhon expresses himself rather than the thoughts back of those forms. Further than that, it is hardly just to Proudhon to pass final judgment upon him on the strength of that one book. Marx took Proudhon's two volumes and fastened upon the errors in them, but in later years, when the controversial heat and passion had died out, he could acknowledge that, despite its errors, Proudhon's book had many important merits. And this year—a year of great centenaries—the French Socialists of all shades of opinion have celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of Proudhon's birth in that spirit.

To sum up: Mr. Lewis has given us an admirable and useful little volume for which he is entitled to our thanks. Only its importance, and the importance of the author's work generally, could justify the detailed criticism of this review—criticism which Mr. Lewis will not resent, unless I am greatly mistaken. He has done, and is doing, work of a very high order and it is because we recognize this that some of us, his friends, would urge him to cultivate that sense of proportion which comes from closer and more constant self-criticism; to recognize that not every lecture given, even by the most talented of lecturers, has a valid claim to a permanent place in the republic of literature.

Having emphasized thus strongly what

appear to me to be its defects, let me also, for the assurance of the reader, emphasize its merits. For the average reader, whose leisure for reading upon such subjects is of necessity limited, I know of hardly another book of its size which will be found to be of greater value; in which will be found more information simply, clearly and pleasantly conveyed. The book is published at fifty cents by Charles H. Kerr and Company.

The same publishers give us an admirable cheap reprint of the well-known work, *Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome*, by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. This book is perhaps too well-known to call for any extended notice in these pages. It is enough to say that it is now available in an excellent edition at one-third of the price of the edition hitherto imported from England.

First published nearly a score of years ago, there is much in the book which is as fresh and striking today as when it was written. Views expressed in Chapter XXI, in which the authors attempt to tell how many things will be done under Socialism, should not be regarded as being other than their personal views.

To reprint such books as this is an excellent thing, but the value of the work would be enhanced if it were made clear and unmistakable that Socialists generally must not be held responsible for individual speculations concerning the future.

Another Socialist reprint of interest comes from the Ball Publishing Company of Boston, in the shape of a cheap edition of "The Fabian Essays in Socialism," for which Bernard Shaw has written a new preface covering some fourteen pages. The volume contains,

also, the late William Clarke's very interesting paper, "The Fabian Society and Its Work," which alone would give value to the edition.

I confess that the new preface by Shaw proved very disappointing to me. There is an entire absence of that brilliance of wit and daring paradox with which "G. B. S." is associated. European Socialism has been completely transformed since 1889, he says, and the fact is due to the Fabian Socialists. Of course, there is the usual Shawesque sneer at the poor, ignorant "Marxists." Marx was really such a lightweight, you know! Shaw actually reproduces the old libel that for the Paris Commune and its tragic failure Marx and Engels were responsible, a libel all the more remarkable because of the fact that, unless my memory plays me a shabby trick, it was aforetime exposed and refuted by no less a person than George Bernard Shaw!

There are few American Socialists who will take their Socialism from the Fabian Essays. But there are also few who could not find in them something of value. After all, the book fills an important place in the literature of Socialism, and this cheap reprint of it is very welcome.

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NEWS & VIEWS



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"The Toledo Socialist Headquarters were opened Nov. 10, 1908. Nine electric car lines pass the door and we used this advertising opportunity by having

a conspicuous sign placed on the window. At first the effect was startling as shown in the faces of the passersby, but familiarity soon took the place of surprise and the public began to stop and look and finally to walk in.

"The store in front has all the latest socialist publications for sale, including, of course, a complete line of the Kerr books besides a clean stock of pamphlets, stationery, cigars, etc. The receipts are increasing steadily and we will soon have a sound surplus.

"The rear room contains the library and is used as a reading room also for meetings, lectures and classes. Anyone can borrow a book for two weeks for 5 cents, which money is used to buy at least one new book per week. Often a

new book is obtained as soon as published by several comrades paying in advance for the privilege of reading it.

"The Social Study Club invites outsiders prominent in business and professional circles to address them on Wednesday evenings, after which meetings are thrown open for discussion. These meetings draw the outsiders and enable us to present our side of the case and incidentally to clear up new members and sympathizers."

"On Friday evenings the School of Social Science meets for the purpose of developing socialist speakers. Topics are given to volunteer comrades a month in advance and five judges grade the speakers according to a definite scheme of marking, based on composition, delivery and ability to answer questions. The speaker has to run the gauntlet of all the foolish questions generally fired at a soapboxer and the result is we have a growing number of good, effective speakers."

"The Custodian in charge of the headquarters, which are open all day and evening, is responsible to the Headquarters Committee which is in turn responsible to the organization."

"All strangers and visiting comrades are assured of a hearty greeting."

THE OHIO STATE CONVENTION, held at Columbus on March 20th and 21st, was encouraging evidence of the splendid work being done in Ohio, according to the report of Comrade L. H. Marcy, who attended the convention, in the interests of the publishing company. Comrade F. E. Vernia of Wellsville, ably presided over the convention and guided the proceedings successfully through the shoals of parliamentary procedure. Forty-eight delegates responded to the roll call, Cleveland leading with six representatives. Among these were our old friends, Robert Bandlow, Tom Clifford and Isaac Cowen. Dayton and Cincinnati sent four delegates each. Frank Midney was among these. During the past year Comrade Midney has been conducting lecture courses at several points in the state. Nicholas Klein, one of the old-timers, ably represented Local Cin-

cinnati. Toledo sent three active delegates, Comrades Thos. E. Devine, Wm. Patterson and J. Bates. Delegates reported that their locals conducted successful lecture courses through the past winter, East Liverpool, Massillon, Dayton and others were among them. The only office to be filled was that of State Secretary, now held by Comrade Willert. The nominations made were as follows:

John G. Willert, Cleveland.

Frank Midney, Dayton.

W. J. Millard, Cincinnati.

D. J. Farrell, Dayton.

J. H. Bristol, Byesville.

Thos. C. Devine, Toledo.

C. E. Wharton, Kenton.

Alba Eby, Columbus.

Geo. Storks, Lorain.

Local Columbus entertained the delegates at a reception at the close of the convention, thus enabling the comrades to get acquainted with each other.

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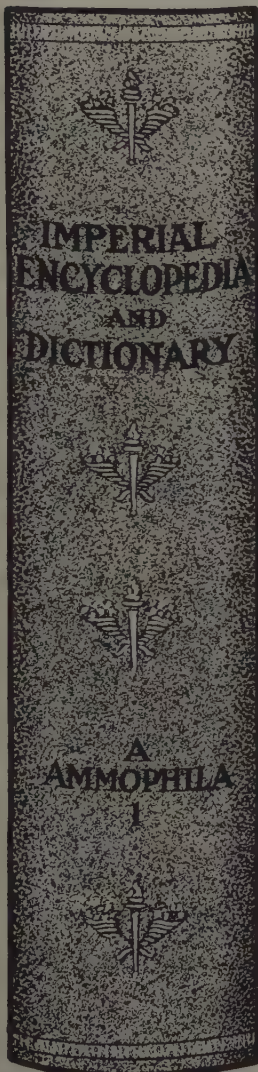
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Occupation

industrial questions appear to us too much in the abstract. We are just beginning to feel the close of a great struggle in earnest. Last winter hundreds of strike breakers were shipped up to Valdez and "mushed" in over the trail to Fairbanks to break the strike of the Western Federation, and they succeeded in doing it. This winter hundreds of men are coming up from Seattle mushing in over the trail to the Tananna Camp, owing to extravagant offers made by employment agencies. There are already hundreds of idle men here. The Morgan-Gugenheim people are shipping many more men up to Cordova to work on the railroad under construction up the Copper River. Transportation is the chief factor in the development of Alaska's resources. Both between Alaska and the States and on the Yukon and in the interior, rivers are dominated by the Morgan-Gugenheim people. So far they have succeeded in blocking every attempt toward constructing a railroad from any point on the coast to the interior. By such means they are gaining control of the greater part of the rich mines, along with the coal and oil resources, for the poor prospector must, of course, give up his holdings to capital. The chief hope of the people here now is that some rival concern may step in and compete with the Gugenheims, and the Hirsch people of London are likely to do it. But this will not help the workers. It will tend to reduce wages and to overstock the labor-market. In a few years, when the monied interests own all of Alaska and the people have nothing to hope for but jobs, they will begin to take an interest in socialism. There are many good socialists here but I believe, most of them belonged to the party before they came here. Just received my copy of the March Review. It is the best one you ever published. My heart is with you and you have my best wishes.

Alaska.

L. S. COLEMAN.

ABOUT MEXICO. I am highly pleased that the socialists of the U. S., along with other lovers of liberty, have thrown themselves into the fight for the preservation of the right of all political refugees and prisoners. This is especially important in the case of the Mexicans, because their fight, is our fight. The capitalists of North America are a unit on all class questions and to combat that tremendous force, a close union and a perfect organization of the entire working class of this continent is absolutely necessary. As I have said before, any uprising of importance of any portion of the working class at any place on this continent would have to face the combined armies of the U. S. and Mexico. Not only the Mexican army would be thrown against the organized militant workers, but the 10,000,000 peon-slaves would carry on the work of industry while the others starved to death. Your only way to prevent this is to wake up to the state of affairs and educate the Mexican people in working class philosophy, so that that now blind and latent force may be organized and utilized, not in the interest of plutocracy, but in the interest of a fuller liberty and a better life for all the useful members of society.

If there ever was a country in this world that needed a revolution Mexico is it. You people in the United States complain of low wages and bad conditions but you have never seen, and I hope may never experience, such intense poverty and barbaric conditions of life as those that exist here.

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At least 7,000,000 of these people can neither read nor write. They have never yet worn what we would call a suit of clothes. All noble and elevating aspirations have been crushed out of them long ago. The whole product of their labor is taken away by the so-called "upper class," the government and the church. If a man raises a pig and wants to kill it when it weights 125 pounds, he must pay a tax of \$2.00 for the privilege of killing his own pig. If a man brings wild fruit from the mountains he must pay a tax before he can sell it. If you have a little store, you pay a triple tax, municipal, state and federal. All receipts and legal, or semi-legal, papers require revenue stamps. If by chance anything remains to the poor worker, a priest comes around with a servant carrying a sack and makes his collection almost by force. A young man in Jalisco criticized the parish priest and the latter almost beat him to death with a club and threatened to send him to hell. This latter was the greater punishment of the two for that poor deluded creature.

The American capitalists, or their flunkys, who come down here to manage mines, etc., would give the average American working man a desire to vomit. They put on English knee breeches, leggings, etc., and hire a peon to ride along behind them at a respectable distance like Don Quixote. They hire women and children to work at the mines and pay them 50 cents, Mexican, per day.

An American told me that there was never any labor troubles here because that as soon as a strike is attempted the government stands the leaders up against a wall and shoots them. Now that is true, but that any American should boast of it is startling.

The soldiers all over this country are drilling now every day. They know there is work ahead for them. Many of the soldiers are criminals and compelled to serve against their will, having been sentenced to serve by some petty judge. Much brutality exists among them. An officer killed a man here the other day. These people are in debt all their lives. They are compelled to buy everything at the "company store," as we say. Even the worthless brush, that they use for wood, must be paid for. If a man has a cow, all of the offspring belongs to the owner of the land. Those land owners make their own laws to suit themselves on their haciendas and nobody interferes. Every hacienda has a little church and a well-fed priest who keeps the people's minds in the proper condition to humbly endure the slavery in which they live. I think such a priest will surely some day live in hell. The working people live there now and don't know how to escape. I have lived in Mexico for some years and I know what I am talking about.

You Socialists and organized workers of the United States never did, nor never will do, a nobler work for the cause of suffering humanity than you are going to do when you liberate those Mexican patriots now lying in American jails. Lend your assistance and your pennies to that great movement and don't cease to struggle until every political prisoner in America is a free man, or a free woman.

Comrades, use this letter as you may see fit, but for my sake and the sake of the cause, conceal my identity and whereabouts.

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COMRADE BEACH of Iowa sends a yearly Review subscription for the city public library. He has also placed there, at his own expense—over fifteen books published by us. Anybody looking over the book list of the library at that point, will find some of the best books of socialist literature at his disposal: This field has hitherto been neglected by our friends. Occasionally Locals are able to persuade library committees to install socialist literature. Committees rarely refuse if socialists are willing to pay for the books. In other cities, the comrades have united in sending in so many requests for books that their wishes could not be ignored. But Comrade Beach was determined to have our books in the library so he bought and gave them himself. We hope some of the other comrades and locals will go and do likewise.

A NEW FIGURE. The onward march of Socialism is bringing to the front many new men, but none whose work gives more promise of permanency and abiding usefulness than John McInnis, the member for Grand Forks riding in the British Columbia Legislature. He was elected in the general elections of February, 1907, and in the three sessions that have elapsed he has done splendid work, ably augmenting the efforts of Messrs. Hawthornthwaite and Williams who have been in the house for several years.

His home town of Phoenix has the distinction of casting a greater number of Socialist votes than any town of its size in America. Mr. McInnis polled twice as many votes as his two opponents put together in this Socialist stronghold and this in spite of the fact that the largest company operating there attempted to defeat our cause by laying off a large number of men just before election.

He is a pleasing and forceful speaker from whom his friends expect much. He

has a magnificent physique and a tre-



JOHN McINNIS, M. L. A.

Member for the riding of Grand Forks in the British Columbia Legislature. Mr. McInnis has the honor and distinction of being the youngest of this body.

menous capacity for work. This was well illustrated in the session just closed. There was a great fight on over some amendments to the Election Act, the manifest object of which was to disfranchise thousands of workers. The three Socialists fought it and fought it hard. All other efforts failing they attempted to talk against time and the house was in continuous session for several days. Cots were brought into the corridors and along with a few of the opposition members they talked by turns. It was a trying experience, but when the others were literally fagged out McInnis was quite fresh. Finally the amendments were so amended as to cut out most of the objectionable features. He is still on the sunny side of the thirties and may he long be spared to drive many nails into the coffin of capitalism.

E. W. D.

HOW TO SPREAD THE PROPAGANDA. Disrespectfully Dedicated to Practical Possibilists.

We must have a "common-sense" platform,

We must bring it "up-to-date."

For each and every social ill

We must a nostrum state.

We'll make it long, hot, sweet and strong,

To snare the voter shy;

We'll mix our dope, to catch, we hope,

Each freak beneath the sky.

We'll stand for municipal ownership

(A beautiful civic plan);

We'll speak of the "rights" of labor,

We'll "stand for" the workingman.

He'll think we've wings, when we promise him things

He'd little hope to seek;

An eight-hour day, a night at the play,

And a pink tea once a week.

We'll send forth windy speakers,

Who'll tear their hair and rave,

And speak of THEIR "glorious mission,"
Humanity to save.

We'll fill each up, like a poisoned pup,

With the hottest kind of air;

For the crowd "likes" guff, and sure enough,

We'll serve it up for fair.

To "spread the propaganda," we

Must be the wisest guys;

To "popularize the movement," we

"Must not antagonize."

We'll feed with pap each chappy-chap-chap,

His "prejudice to break."

We'll rub it in, but 'twill be damned thin,

Of that, there's no mistake.

We take "Queer" Hardie's advice, you know,

And "down the impossibilist";

Should one whisper, "Revolution!"

We'd strike him off the list.

Oh, tell you what, he'll catch it hot,

He'll have the devil to pay;

We'll him expel, we'll give him—well,

You know what we'd like to say.

Bye and bye we'll a party have,

Which will be a sight to see;

There'll be every kind of faddist and frump

In rich variety.

With men on the make, up to every fake,

There'll be parsons on the bum;

There'll be spinsters grim, with chances slim

In the marriage mart become.

* * * * *

Oh, yes, there's our "ultimate" demand,

(We hope you will not scoff),

That the workers own the means of life,

(We fear it's a long way off).

Of course, we know we have no show

To get these things just yet;

So suppose we say, at some distant day—

In a thousand years?—you bet.

—Wilfrid Gribble, in Western Clarion.

Texas Land \$1.00 To \$5.00 Per Acre

Texas has passed new School Land Laws. Millions of acres are now to be sold by the State at \$1.00 to \$5.00 per acre; only one-fortieth cash and no more to pay for 40 years, unless you desire; only 3 per cent interest. You can buy 160 acres at \$1.00 per acre, payable \$4.00 down and 40 years' time on the balance, 3% interest. Greatest opportunity ever offered to investors and farmers. Texas land is better than Oklahoma, Iowa or Illinois. Send 50 cents for Book of Instructions, New State Law, Map of Texas, and brief description of over 400 million acres of vacant public lands in 25 different States, which are open to homestead. Three Books for \$1.00. E. C. HOWE, 954 Hartford Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

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net profit from 10 acres of land in sunny Florida—the land of flowers. No interest—no taxes. Terms, \$1 a month—3 CENTS A DAY. E. C. HOWE, 723 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

HATE. Said Lincoln Steffens to Eugene Debs: "But, Debs, you must admit that you Socialists preach class war, and that engenders hate." Answered Eugene Debs: "No, no, we do not preach hate; we preach love. For a human being loves love and he loves to love. It is hate that is unnatural."

Now, it is true that love is the central soul of all our power, but it is also true that our very capacity and necessity to love presupposes our capacity and necessity to hate, for if we love it must follow that we must hate that which hurts or injures the being or cause on which our love is fixed, and that, therefore, hate is not only, not "unnatural," but a law of nature rooted in the universe itself, a sublime and splendid energy, without which love would be to self unknown forever.

Unless its love-instinct be asleep or dead, it is as natural for the working class to hate the capitalist class as it is for the hell-imprisoned demons to hate the ambrosia-eating gods.

Can freemen love freedom without hating slave-masters and slavery? Can one love the truth without hating the lie? Love candor without hating hypocrisy? Love justice without hating injustice? Love right without hating wrong? Love virtue without hating vice? Love good without hating evil? Love democracy without hating despotism? Love love without hating hate? If so, then the working class can love itself without hating the capitalist class, can love socialism without hating capitalism, but not before.

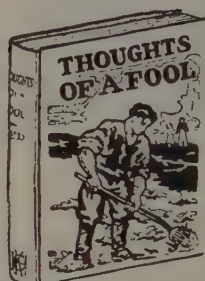
Love-anger, hatred for capitalism and all that in it is, must waken in the working class before it can carry out its great historic mission, the freeing of itself and, through itself, the human race,

for not until it hates its slavery will the working class go love-mad in the cause of freedom. Hate is love etherealized, on fire, burning, glowing, white with passionate anger, undying, ready for any and all sacrifices that must be made in its effort to protect itself and its own in the full enjoyment and happiness of life.

Hate is the firstborn child of love, and the mind, the heart, the soul of the working class sleeps today because the spirit of its love has not yet felt the fructifying kiss of hate.

Hate! O workingmen and women, hate! for not until ye do will ye go love-mad in the cause of freedom!

COVINGTON HALL.



This book by
Evelyn Gladys

consists of 25 brilliant essays that will delight working people who think themselves competent to regulate their own conduct,

tho' they may shock those who delight in regulating other people's morals.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

OUR FINANCES FOR MARCH

In last month's **Review** we gave a detailed report of the receipts and expenditures of our co-operative publishing house for February. We now give a similar report for March.

RECEIPTS.

Cash balance, March 1.....	\$ 349.04
Book sales	1,792.76
Review subscriptions and sales.	866.45
Review advertising	12.50
Sales of stock	345.30
Loan from Capital City Bank..	500.00
Loans from Stockholders.....	387.00

Total .. \$4,253.05

EXPENDITURES.

Manufacture of books	\$ 562.02
Books purchased ..	123.68
Printing March Review	618.72
Review department work, etc...	44.09
Wages of office clerks	376.10
Charles H. Kerr, March salary..	125.00
Mary E. Marcy, on salary	61.80
Postage and expressage	382.21
Interest ..	69.00
Rent ..	70.00
Miscellaneous expenses	60.40
Advertising ..	939.88
Copyrights ..	61.50
Loans returned to stockholders	510.38
Cash balance March 31.....	248.27

Total .. \$4,253.05

A comparison with last month's figures shows a gratifying increase in book sales, **Review** subscriptions and sales, and sales of stock. The new loans from stockholders amounted to less than the withdrawals of loans, and we therefore had to borrow \$500 more from a bank. This must not happen again. The large expenditure for advertising includes the first monthly payment of \$500 to the Appeal to Reason. Last year, this paper did a book business larger than ours, and the contract under which we are making this large monthly payment for advertising provides that the Appeal shall bring out no more books and shall turn over to us all orders it can not fill. Lack of ready money, however, prevented us from taking over their stock of books on hand. They are obliged to close them out to their own customers. In so doing they have been cutting prices and thus for the first few weeks the net result of our arrangement with them has been a falling off of sales instead of an increase. Their stock is pretty well closed out by this time, and the money we are spending for

advertising in the Appeal will be pretty sure to bring large returns in the near future.

Our other advertising is for the most part paid for in books, not cash. As the New York Evening Call comrades were in March preparing for the large and successful Fair they held in April, we let them have books to the amount of \$286.05 to be paid for in future advertising. This swells the amount of our advertising expenditure for March.

The apparent falling off in the **Review's** advertising receipts is explained by the fact that in February our agent paid us for the January and part of the February advertising, while in March he paid nothing. From now on we hope for a steadily increasing income from this source. Our friends can increase it by answering as many as possible of the advertisements appearing in the **Review**, and asking advertisers whom they patronize to give us their business.

What to Read on Socialism. We have at different times issued several different booklets under this title, but the one now in press will prove the most attractive and valuable of them all. It is by the editor of the **Review**, and will contain 80 pages, including portraits of some of the most prominent socialist writers. Twenty-six of the pages will be taken up with a simple and concise introduction to the principles of socialism. This matter has already had in various forms a circulation of a quarter of a million copies. It has now been carefully revised and in particular the chapter on surplus value has been rewritten in the light of Marx's third volume. Next comes a brief, clear description, in large type, of each book now issued by our co-operative publishing house. These have been prepared with great care and labor for the sake of enabling each new reader to select for himself the books that will meet his individual wants, passing the others by. A brief list is added of the books of other publishers which we now carry in stock—a list which will be enlarged as our resources enlarge. Finally, a detailed explanation is given of the plan on which our co-operative publishing house is organized. The booklet will be well printed on paper of extra quality. We shall supply copies to every one, whether stockholders or not, at the special price of one cent per copy, ten for ten cents, \$1.00 a hundred, or \$10.00 a thousand, expressage included. We lose money on every copy sold at these rates, and we ask the comrades reading this to order as many copies as they can be sure of using to good advantage, but no more.

We have tried to make every line of this booklet good propaganda, and mechanically it will be a beauty. If all our active friends will do what they can to circulate copies, we shall soon be able to

find enough new stockholders to divide the burden of carrying the publishing house until it falls very lightly on each one. **How many of these booklets shall we send YOU?**

Unionism and Socialism. By Eugene V. Debs. This is one of the very best propaganda books by Comrade Debs, and we have just bought from the Appeal to Reason all unsold copies. Paper, 10c; to stockholders 6c, postpaid.

At the same price we have just published a dainty booklet entitled **The Detective Business**, by Comrade Robin Dunbar, of South Bend, Ind., in which he explains the changes time has brought over the detective business. Formerly its main aim was the detection of theft, now it is war on the labor unions.

Socialism Made Easy. We heartily recommend this recent book by James Connolly, editor of *The Harp*, as the best propaganda pamphlet that has been added to our literature for many a day. It is made up of simple, forceful talks to workingmen, wasting no strength on side issues, avoiding phrases that would excite needless prejudice, and leaving the reader with a well-defined idea of what we socialists want and how we propose to get it. Paper, 10c; to stockholders 6c each or \$6.00 per hundred if we prepay charges, 5c if purchaser pays them.

Marx's Capital Complete. This will be a reality in the near future. The index of Volume III, long delayed through the illness of Comrade Untermann, the translator, is at last in type, and we now confidently expect to have copies of the book ready early in June. It will be a massive volume of over 1,000 pages, such as a capitalist publisher would hold at \$5.00 if he brought it out at all. Our price for this volume will be the same as for Volume I or Volume II, that is to say \$2.00, including postage or expressage to any address, and out of the \$2.00 we will if requested return 80c to the purchaser in the form of a credit slip good at any time within a year toward the purchase of a share of stock.

We are **willing** to do this because our 2,050 stockholders expect no dividends but do expect to buy their books at the lowest possible prices.

We are **able** to do it because Comrade Untermann's labor as a translator does not have to be paid for out of the sales of the book. It is paid for by Comrade Eugene Dietzgen, a successful manufacturer who after a residence of many years in Chicago has returned to Germany. He rightly thinks that the best return he can make to American workingmen from the income he derives from their labor is to put Marx's great work within their reach.

So in urging you to provide yourself with these three volumes of Marx, we are not asking you for a contribution, we are offering for your money more than could possibly have been offered but for the contribution of some one else.

Get the book and read it. Its study will make you sure of your ground the next time you try to show the man who works why it is that he gets less than he produces.

If you have read Volumes I and II, put in your order for Volume III, to be mailed or expressed on publication. But if you are still without the first two volumes, send for them at once; they are necessary to the understanding of Volume III.

Now let us tell you something in confidence, so you can see how efficiently you and others are co-operating with us at a time of urgent need. We have sold four thousand copies of Volume I and started on the fifth. We have sold two thousand copies of Volume II and started on the third. But up to date, with all the advertising already done, we have received advance orders for less than sixty copies of the third and final volume of the greatest of all socialist books.

All three of Marx's volumes should be in the library of every socialist local, and of every socialist who tries to talk on socialism. The talker who does not know Marx is almost always a failure himself and a source of complacent ignorance in others.

Next month's Review will contain an article by Ernest Untermann on the Third Volume, raising a number of important questions on which socialist students differ among themselves. Prepare for it by reading Volumes I and II if still unread, and by placing an order for Volume III.

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The Socialization of Humanity

An Analysis and Synthesis of the Phenomena of Nature, Life, Mind
and Society Through the Law of Repetition

A SYSTEM OF MONISTIC PHILOSOPHY

By Charles Kendall Franklin

"I would rather write a refutation than an endorsement of this book, yet it is commended to students of Sociology and Theology because it is a very scholarly voicing of all that more or less widely spread latent and militant disaffection with and opposition to the present social order, with its established and generally accepted rights of property and orthodox standards of religion. Every paragraph is a challenge to precedents, and provocative of thought."—*The Christian Philanthropist*.

"In one respect Mr. Franklin has the advantage over writers like M. Tarde or Prof. Lester F. Ward, who have treated of the same questions with far greater scientific precision, in that he is committed to a definite program of social reform, the basis of which is to be found in this book."—*The Independent*.

"The investigation is conducted with such broad-minded liberality that the deductions sometimes seem almost shocking, as is the case in the treatment of theology. A system of monistic philosophy, such as this is, is founded upon a naturalistic conception of things; that is, all things are due to natural causes, and we ascribe certain things to supernatural agencies only because of our ignorance, and our inability to comprehend their real origin. The argument of the book may be summed up in a few words. Under the individualistic system, men work at cross-purposes, and much energy is wasted. This is caused by lack of understanding and of an intelligent foresight. Energy will seek the line of least resistance, and in time, when men become more social, it will be seen that there is least resistance when men work in harmony for the good of all. Thus will come about the so-

cialization of humanity. Individualism has proved its inability to perfect man, although it has greatly aided. The time has now come when a new system must displace it—a new system based upon a desire to aid society, rather than the individual. Theology, also, is outgrown, the time for superstitious worship of unknown, unmanifested idea has passed. We can, if we search with an unprejudiced mind, find the natural cause of everything—why be blindly, wilfully ignorant, just because our ancestors were? They ascribed thunder and other phenomena to their God, but we pity their superstition. We ascribe to God the origin of life—but if we look, we can not fail to find the answer in Nature. The volume abounds with definitions, making it extremely easy to follow the thought. * * * Deep thought and honest purpose are manifest in this work, and however one may look upon the conclusions, it must be admitted that they are logically and fearlessly reached."—*The Craftsman*.

"The writer's style is eloquent, his absolute sincerity manifest, and his book will be of immense service to those who have realized the inadequacy of conventional religion and philosophy to explain the facts of life, and who wish to examine vital questions from the viewpoint of modern science."—*The Free-Lance*.

"The leading idea of your book seems to me to be correct and original and you may number me among your followers."—Prof. Jacques Loeb.

"As a philosopher, Mr. Franklin is practical, as socialist he is philosophical. It is the first time that philosophy and socialism have joined hands."—*Boston Transcript*.

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